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### THE DANISH NEGOTIATIONS.

AS both the German and the Danish Plenipotentiaries have assented in principle to the unanimous recommendation of the neutral Powers, it seems hardly worth while to prove that both the principals in the dispute and all their assessors are absolutely and hopelessly wrong. It is not, indeed, difficult for the English Opposition to show that the Government has been as inconsistent or variable as the circumstances with which it has had to deal; but it may be urged in defence of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL, that if they once ventured on injudicious prophecies they have prudently acquiesced in the disappointment of their hopes. In the early part of the Session, Lord PALMERSTON announced that the Conference would proceed on the basis of the Treaty of 1852, and that England would insist on maintaining the integrity of the Danish monarchy. It was pointed out at the time that, as the reunion of Schleswig to the Kingdom was impossible, and as the Danes themselves were indifferent to the connexion with Holstein, the nominal integrity of the monarchy could only be preserved by the illusory and inconvenient contrivance of a personal union. The English Government, therefore, appeared at that period more solicitous for its own credit or dignity than for the interest of its ally. The only excuse for the policy which has since been abandoned was to be found in the professed intention of Prussia and Austria to observe their obligations. It is always prudent to negotiate as long as possible on the ground of positive engagements, rather than to venture into the uncertain regions of general expediency. As soon as the prolongation of the war had furnished the German Powers with an excuse for retracting their undertaking, it became necessary to discover some compromise which might become the foundation of a permanent peace; and the English Ministers would have been guilty of inexcusable obstinacy if they had refused to enter the Conference except on conditions which would have been peremptorily rejected by Austria and Prussia. It is evident that the division of territory which is now under discussion would be far more beneficial to the Danes than a continuance of their anomalous relation to the German Confederacy. Even the mortification which unavoidably results from a forced sacrifice would be mitigated by the knowledge that it was useless to resist an overwhelming preponderance of force, and perhaps natural irritation might find a harmless vent in complaints of the lukewarm support which has been afforded by England. It is scarcely to be supposed that the unreasonable demands of either party will cause the rupture of the negotiations and the wanton renewal of the war. The boundary which has been suggested by the neutral Powers is approximately equitable, and the determination of the exact line of division undoubtedly belongs to impartial arbitrators. There is no reason to be alarmed by the statements that the Russian Plenipotentiary has revived the pretensions of his Government to the reversionary succession of Kiel, and that they have been transferred to the family of OLDENBURG. The Sovereign of the extended Duchy of Holstein, and the Confederacy of which he will be a member, will hold Kiel by a new European title, which must supersede all the obsolete entails and family compacts of former rulers. If vexatious claims should nevertheless be preferred by any foreign dynasty, the house will henceforth be kept by a strong man who is at all points fully armed, and therefore it will be kept in peace.

The English Government has been greatly weakened by its share in the Danish transactions, and perhaps the country has, for the time, lost credit and popularity in Europe. Hereafter, when the history of the negotiations is dispassionately reviewed, the charges against English policy will reduce themselves to a certain number of errors of taste or style in

the language of the Foreign Minister's despatches, and in one or two of Lord PALMERSTON's speeches. The Danes would have refused compliance with the German demands even if they had received no encouragement from England; and, on the other hand, the concessions which they are supposed to have made under English influence were dictated by the plainest considerations of prudence. As they would have been wiser if they had evacuated Schleswig without fighting, it is idle to complain that they were prevented from defending Holstein. Although the season which is most favourable for naval operations may be wasting away during the suspension of hostilities, the re-establishment of the blockade of certain ports and the capture of a few German merchantmen would be expensive advantages. If Austria and Prussia find themselves unable to resist the Danes at sea, they will merely tighten their pressure on the land which they occupy or overrun. Sooner or later, compensation will be exacted for every maritime capture and for every commercial loss which may result from the closing of German ports. The weaker belligerent derives no real profit from any isolated advantage which he may obtain, for the war must at some time be terminated by a pacification in which the conqueror will dictate the conditions. The first loss is the lightest, although the adviser who recommends early submission is always exposed to misinterpretation and odium. No great sagacity is required to foresee that, if a three months' war released Austria and Prussia from their obligations under the treaty, the expenditure of a few more millions of dollars, and of some thousands of lives, would be urged as a reason for extorting an additional equivalent in territory. The Danes complain with justice that the hostile occupation of Schleswig enables the enemy to influence the feelings or the language of the population; but the rupture of the armistice will have no tendency to expel the Prussians from the peninsula, and it will enable them once more to impose contributions on the unfortunate inhabitants of Jutland.

If the Conference breaks up without accomplishing its purpose, both Germany and Denmark will perhaps find a certain satisfaction in the formidable onslaught to which the English Government will be exposed. Lord RUSSELL may, in a certain sense, fairly claim the negative merit which he once attributed to Lord PALMERSTON, of not being the Minister or the favourite of any foreign country. In the present dispute he has bitterly offended the whole German nation, and he has disappointed the sanguine confidence of the Danes. There are perhaps half a dozen members of the House of Commons, and a somewhat larger number of Peers, who seriously disapprove of the conduct of the Government, as well as of the language of the published correspondence. Lord GREY would have declared war against Austria and Prussia as soon as they crossed the Eider. But Mr. DISRAELI, agreeing in this matter with the great majority in both Houses of Parliament, would, in substance, have done what the Government has done; and if he had been in office he would have become unpopular when he failed to prevent the occurrence of vexatious events. The restoration of peace on tolerable conditions might possibly tend to re-establish the credit of the present Ministry; but a fresh outbreak of war would produce animated debates, and the result would perhaps depend rather on feeling than on argument. If Mr. DISRAELI is forced to construct, for controversial purposes, an alternative policy which might hypothetically have been adopted, he must go back to the French EMPEROR's proposal of a Congress, and condemn the refusal of the offer. Parliament, however, views with jealousy any display of deference to France, and no party seriously believes that the Congress could have settled the Danish quarrel. The vindication of the Government consists in the certainty that friendly counsels were useless, and in the well-founded opinion

that the country, if it could have been consulted, would have summarily rejected any project of active interference. It is possible, however, that the House of Commons may vent its displeasure on the Government, were it only for the same reasons which induce an uneasy sleeper to turn over on the other side. As long as the cause of disturbance remains, there is little hope of comfortable repose, but a change brings a kind of relief in the form of temporary novelty.

Whatever may be the issue of party contests in England, the Danes may be assured that they have no advantage to expect from any Ministerial change. Their choice lies simply between a sacrifice to be incurred at once, and heavier losses after an interval of useless resistance. It is said, indeed, that some Danish politicians, witnessing in despair the apathy of the neutral Powers, are meditating the abridgment of their sufferings by the desperate measure of throwing their country into the arms of the enemy. It is urged, with the superficial plausibility of an extemporised theory, that the Kingdom of Denmark, as a member of the German Confederacy, would rank, after Bavaria, as the fourth State in power and population. The combination would provide Germany with its long-coveted fleet, and the dreamers who propound the scheme probably look forward to future vengeance on the Great Powers who have left Denmark to its fate. It is useless to discuss an arrangement that will scarcely be suggested in earnest; but although Denmark is unlikely to form a political union with Germany, there is no conflict of interests which need perpetuate the hostile feeling between the countries when the existing causes of quarrel are removed by a compromise. Unless the natural course of trade is interrupted by arbitrary duties or regulations, Hamburg will still be the commercial capital of all the neighbouring countries, and Danish vessels will frequent the German ports in the North Sea and the Baltic. The lapse of a generation has obliterated the unfriendly feeling between the Belgians and the Dutch, and a shorter interval may be sufficient to heal the wounds of a three months' war. It is possible that Holstein and German Schleswig may hereafter placidly regret, under a dynasty of their own, the mild excitement which they have for some years derived from the consciousness of not intolerable grievances, and from vague patriotic aspirations.

#### THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS DEBATE.

IF it is true that the sentiments uttered in the House of Lords on the conduct of the University of Oxford to Professor JOWETT have had such an effect that the University has been made ashamed of itself, and intends to vote the money so long denied, there may be some reason to expect that what has been said in the same place about Public Schools may produce a change in English education. Humanly speaking, it seemed impossible that the conversation of half a dozen Peers should inspire a theological party with a sense of justice and a desire for peace. But if that can be done, there is no reason why the observations of Lord CLARENDON and Lord STANHOPE should not goad the masters of grammar-schools into teaching grammar. It has been decided that classics shall form the staple of the higher English education, and, when this has once been decided on, many inevitable consequences flow from the decision. In the first place, such honour as is given to learning must be chiefly attached to success in the study of the classics, for it would be absurd if a school did not honour most what it thinks most worthy of attention. In the next place, the greater part of the time of the boys must be given to classics. If the advantage of classical study is that it expands and strengthens the mind more than any other study, the pursuit of classical knowledge must be thorough and continuous, or evidently it will not bring out the intellect at all. This being conceded, the objections to the present Public School system, as exemplified more especially at Eton, are three. First, the mass of the boys, although they give up to classics all the time they can spare from cricket, are not taught classics at all; secondly, the classics are not taught in the right way; and, thirdly, the time which might be given to learning without being given to the classics is denied, or is not properly employed. The first is by far the most serious ground of complaint, and, in spite of the great cricket and juicy mutton theory, we consider it a very grave one. That the great mass of boys should be encouraged or allowed to spend year after year in a mere pretence of learning the classics, and yet should go up to College without any knowledge of grammar, is a very bad thing. The arguments that would prove it to be a good thing would go to prove that the best thing for English gentlemen would be to burn all their books, abandon civilization, and run about in a dress

of blue paint. There are at Eton so many hundred boys, with such and such capabilities of intellectual life, with so many talents lying ready to be used. The Eton system invites them to bury these talents handsomely, and is only anxious that the napkin should be embroidered. No theories about the peculiar atmosphere of Eton, or about the strange unintellectual force always at work there—no arguments from the impossibility of making the sons of rich men feel an interest in studies by which they do not need to make money—can cover the absurdity of suffering a school to make classical learning the only learning taught, and then not to teach the classics. But no violent interference can remedy the evil, just as no violent interference can make an incumbent work hard in his parish. To elevate the standard of public duty, to raise the expectations of ordinary observers, to quicken, by the wholesome admonitions of general censure, the consciences of individuals, furnishes the only way in which clergymen can be got to toil among the poor instead of going to fish and shoot, or in which the masters of schools who are splendidly paid, whether they teach grammar or not, can be got to teach grammar. The debate in the Lords may serve to create some expectation that the classics will soon begin to be taught in places of classical learning; and, if this expectation is once raised, it will be satisfied. The day may come when schoolmasters who take the money of parents for classical instruction, and then decline or omit to teach the rudiments of the classical languages, may be looked on as rectors are looked on who take their tithes, but are too grand or too idle to enter a cottage.

Whether the classics are taught properly is a very minor question, for it can only apply to the very small number of boys who are taught classics at all. Lord STANHOPE is of opinion that, in England, young scholars are trained to devote too much of their time to composition, and more especially to Greek composition. They might be better scholars, he thinks, if they gave up more time to translation, and less time to making verses. When he is left alone with pen and ink, Lord STANHOPE considers all verse-making a "laborious inutility"; but in a public body led by Lord DERBY he is obliged to concede something to the prejudices or prepossessions of his hearers, and accepts Latin verse-making as a natural and graceful accomplishment. But he cannot stand Greek verses. He can comprehend the sense of translating MILTON into Virgilian hexameters; but, as he observes, SHAKESPEARE did not live in Greece, and it is, therefore, the height of absurdity to translate him into iambics. It was in honour of Mr. PITT that Lord STANHOPE decried classical composition, and he may have the satisfaction of thinking that the palmy days of classical composition in England are evidently over. The quantity of this composition that is worked off in a year is much greater than it used to be, and the average excellence is, perhaps, higher; but there is not the same finish and delicacy in the best pieces, and there is much less glory got by success in the art. The composition prizes at the Universities were once considerable distinctions, and a very good POINSON or LATIN VERSE was long remembered. There were whole families that rose to local eminence by their common possession of a singular knack in hitting off easy and apt classical phrases. But now there is no great interest taken in these compositions, either by the successful candidates or by any one else. In the first place, the prizes for composition are so much increased in number at the University, that it is impossible to remember or even to understand how many prizes a successful young man gains. In the next place, the cultivation of composition was prized in a society which—like the society of London thirty or forty years ago—mainly consisted of men trained in the same way, and familiar with the usual public school course. Society has become larger and more mixed, and Latin verse-making, which was once thought to be a means of cultivating the muses, has now come to be spoken of by an aristocratic historian as a laborious inutility. Still the testimony of schoolmasters is unanimous that composition in prose and verse is one of the very best possible means of becoming acquainted with the classical languages. There are plenty of theoretical arguments to be found against making Greek or Latin verses, but, practically, experience shows that to make them well is a great help to understanding Greek and Latin. The only doubt is whether too much time is devoted to them; and as to this it may be observed that the turn of English scholarship at present is towards the accurate rendering of classical authors, and that to translate well, and not to compose well, seems to be the favourite ambition of the younger scholars of the Universities. The great multiplication also of good histories of the classical times, and of good works of criticism on classical authors, gives men new facilities for understanding



and appreciating the contents of the works these authors have left behind them. Verbal scholarship and literary scholarship have advanced in the last twenty years, and composition, though more varied in kind and more in quantity, is of less excellence in quality. If composition, therefore, ever held too high a place in English classical education, it probably does not do so now. But the advantages of composition only flow on the fortunate heads of those who are able to compose. The laborious piling together of words in something like a metre by a boy who does not know his grammar, and who cannot imitate classical authors because he has no notion what the authors mean, is indeed an inutility. Verse composition is one of the very worst instruments for the instruction of stupid boys that could be devised. Fashion has, however, decreed that every boy at a public school should be deemed capable of composing. Facts stare masters in the face, and point the other way, but the masters quietly remark that it is only so much the worse for the facts, and they go on teaching as they please.

If classics are to take up the bulk of a boy's time, he cannot learn much else. Still, he has enough time to learn something, and it will make the greatest difference to him how his non-classical hours are employed. The Peers were generally agreed that French should form a principal branch among these subordinate studies. It is true that French can only be taught efficiently by an Englishman, except in very rare instances. The ordinary French teacher is the plaything of the masters and the laughing-stock of the boys. Head masters play practical jokes off on him, such as permitting him to send round notes demanding the causes of the nonappearance of absent boys, and then exempting the boys from answering these notes. The boys, full of a good-humoured contempt for a subordinate and an outsider, quietly decline to attend his instruction. But an Englishman can teach French perfectly well in everything but the pronunciation; and to know the French idioms, and grammar, and vocabulary, takes a boy a long way on in the French language, although he may retain a very bad accent when he tries to speak. English history and elementary mathematics, together with such religious instruction as can be conveniently and properly given, complete the course that is absolutely necessary. There are, indeed, a great many other things which it is highly useful or pleasant to know. It is a great advantage to draw, and music is generally found to give delight to the performer. It is also good to know German as well as French, and the general history of modern Europe as well as that of England only. Physical science also puts in its claims, and it seems audacious to deny them, although it is not very obvious how any great amount of it can be taught without plunging the vague minds of little boys into an abyss of cram. But all these are dreams of the future. We are an immeasurable distance from that height of education at which it will be necessary to discuss whether the last five minutes every other day before tea shall be given to electricity or conchology. We have much simpler and ruder duties to attend to. First, there is the great central object of all scholastic reformation, the teaching of grammar, and the consequent turning to profit of classical education. To this let the ordinary public schoolboy add a decent knowledge of French as written, of arithmetic, and of English history, and he will be in education as far beyond his cricketering ancestor of the present day as the Peers who took part in the recent debate on Public Schools are beyond the rude barons who courted or bullied the PLANTAGENETS.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON REFORM.

MR. GLADSTONE caused considerable surprise, a few weeks ago, by his unexpected declaration in favour of Parliamentary Reform; and when he afterwards published his speech, with a preface which seemed apologetic, he was naturally supposed to have been alarmed by the interpretation which friends and enemies alike placed upon his language. If he was on either occasion misunderstood, the fault was entirely his own. A deliberate enunciation of political principle by the chief Minister present in the House of Commons ought not to require explanation or excuse. It is certain that all parties in the House attached precisely the same meaning to Mr. GLADSTONE's statement which Mr. FORSTER expressed when he congratulated the Reformers on having at last found a leader. The assertion that the burden of proof lay on the advocates of exclusion was extended by the further proposition that the opponents of change were bound to prove the unworthiness, the incapacity, and the misconduct of forty-nine fiftieths of the

working classes. The challenge was as sweeping and as unfair as if it had proceeded from some reckless demagogue. Even if the great majority of the population of England were really chargeable with habitual unworthiness and misconduct, it would be an act of insolent temerity to publish the accusation. The rest of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was principally occupied by an elaborate panegyric on the loyalty, intelligence, and general excellence of the same working classes. It seemed to follow that the speaker desired to confer the franchise on the exemplary body which, according to his theory, could have been justly excluded only on account of its imaginary vices and defects. A partial enfranchisement would be subject to the same objection as the existing limitation; for it would be absurd to allege, and impossible to prove, the incapacity, unworthiness, and misconduct of thirty-nine, or twenty-nine, or nineteen fiftieths of the whole number of Mr. GLADSTONE's clients. No limited representative Constitution could work if it were assumed that a stigma was imposed on every person from whom the suffrage was withheld. The reasons for declining or postponing an enlargement of the franchise involve no offensive imputation on any class of the community. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, is, on his own showing, bound either to concede the franchise to the entire mass of the working classes, or to justify his partial refusal by proofs of misconduct, incapacity, and unworthiness. His adversaries and critics, as well as the new allies who welcomed his adhesion, were fully entitled to push his doctrine to its extreme logical results.

By appending to an authorized edition of his speech a partially intelligible explanation, Mr. GLADSTONE virtually admits the justice of the charge of indiscretion, even if he succeeds in vindicating his good faith. It would scarcely have been loyal to bid, in the absence of his chief, for the future allegiance of the extreme Liberal party; but if the apparent overture really bore no special significance, the occasion for propounding an abstract theory was singularly ill-chosen. It is not the question "whether the statement be a gratuitous and startling novelty, or whether it is rather the practical revival of a strain which, five years ago, was usual and familiar." The adoption of the cant which, at any particular moment, may be popular, implies at worst a want of courage and originality; but the reproduction, after a considerable interval, of abandoned truisms or fallacies is naturally supposed to imply some practical design. The first reflections of Mr. GLADSTONE's auditors turned, not on the virtues of the working man or on the advantages of promiscuous suffrage, but on the prospects of the Danish Conference and the symptoms of Lord PALMERSTON's gout. Five years ago, talk about Reform was so usual and familiar that the frequent reproduction of commonplaces excited neither surprise nor irritation. At that time, also, a general election was more than five years from impending, the PRIME MINISTER was five years younger, and Sir GEORGE LEWIS was alive. In a passage which is appended as a note to the present speech, Mr. GLADSTONE himself, in 1860, defended the abortive Bill of the present Government by explaining that the proposed addition to the borough constituencies would only amount to one-third. If he had, even then, hinted at the injustice of excluding forty-nine fiftieths of the working classes, the undigested pledges of the hustings would not have weighed so heavily on the House of Commons as to preclude a vigorous protest against the principle of universal suffrage. The more zealous Reformers of 1860 never thought that they had found a leader in the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and, even if he had proposed to put himself at their head, he was not then likely to become immediately the leader of the Government or the Liberal party. It is more possible, in the case of Mr. GLADSTONE, than it might be thought if any other eminent politician had made a similar declaration, that he was not really influenced by the obvious motives which occurred to his immediate audience and to every reader of his speech. He has often failed to understand the construction which must inevitably be placed on his own words and actions, though his verbal reasoning is generally consistent. It is perhaps more surprising that he should have failed to perceive that his doctrines led directly to universal suffrage, than that he should have been blind to the inherent logic of events, of character, and of position.

A fortnight has now elapsed, and the retraction or commentary on the speech has not yet been retracted or explained away. The statement that the declaration in favour of Reform was not a deliberate and studied announcement amounts, in the ordinary meaning of words, to a disavowal of the opinions which had produced so much applause and censure. The bold defiance of all the supposed calumniators

of the working man was, it seems, "drawn forth on the moment by a course of argument from the opponents of the measure, which, &c. &c." But, as Mr. GLADSTONE truly and oddly adds, "this circumstance, if the opinion be blameable, will afford no apology." It is natural to ask whether the opinion is admitted to be blameable; for if it is sound, and if it was seasonably uttered, no apology is required. It is more important, for the moment, to ascertain whether Mr. FORSTER and his friends have found a leader, than how they were misled, or why, if at all, they have been disappointed. If Mr. GLADSTONE seriously holds that, in his speech, he was attempting the solution of problems "which are little likely to become practical except for another generation," the question of his intentions is answered, though the purpose of his speech remains unintelligible. In another sentence he confesses that "a proposition, apparently of wide scope, was reduced by large and scarcely definable exceptions within rather narrow limits." Until the principle of the exceptions is defined, it is impossible to say whether they are large or small. Mr. GLADSTONE now declares that candidates for the franchise may rightly be rejected "if it should appear that, though no personal unfitness can be alleged against them, yet political danger might arise from their admission." As the extension of the suffrage has never been ostensibly resisted on any other ground, it may, after all, appear that Mr. GLADSTONE agrees with the most zealous adversaries of Parliamentary Reform. In his speech, he was certainly understood to mean that political danger was entirely or approximately contingent on personal unfitness; but his present proposition is as safe and as vague as one of Sir ROBERT PEEL's favourite phrases for evading inconvenient pledges. A promise to reform proved abuses, and an offer of a Reform Bill which may be passed without political danger, are equally valuable. "Candid minds," it seems, ought, when they require an explanation of general statements, to "find it in the context of the speech which contains them." Candid minds, finding in the context of the speech that the opponents of a proposed enfranchisement are bound to prove misconduct and incapacity, will not unfairly infer that the admission of three or four millions of well-conducted voters would not, in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment, involve political danger.

The authorized gloss on the disputed text winds up with the modest remark that, "as the opinion of an individual, the whole matter is of trifling consequence. But the consistency of parties and Parliaments is a subject of weight and moment; for upon this depends that store of public confidence which is of such inexorable necessity and of such inestimable value for the maintenance of our free and happy Government." The consequence which attaches to the opinion of an individual depends on the preliminary consideration who the individual is. If the individual is likely to become the head of our "free and happy Government," and especially if the expression of the opinion seems to bear on his selection for that elevated post, the knowledge of his intentions, if not of inexorable necessity, possesses considerable, though perhaps not inestimable, value. Public confidence depends in some degree on the consistency of those on whom it is bestowed; but before it can be determined whether a statesman is consistent, it is indispensable to ascertain his present opinions. The hints and generalities of the preface seem to be inconsistent with the broad declarations of the speech, and ordinary readers have no clue to the theory by which the apparent discrepancies may possibly be reconciled. Mr. GLADSTONE's great abilities may perhaps hereafter make him Prime Minister, but his speech seemed to be addressed to expected supporters below the gangway, while in the preface he may be thought to claim the legitimate and peaceable succession to Lord PALMERSTON. The only canon of interpretation which thoughtful critics can suggest is derived from the circumstance that Mr. GLADSTONE speaks much more clearly than he writes. The observation must, however, be qualified by an allowance for the inveterate habit of laying, in his speeches, too broad a foundation for every practical opinion. In supporting Mr. BAINES's Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE was almost certain to use arguments which would have justified a far more sweeping change; and he also forgets his extemporized opinions as soon as they have served their immediate rhetorical purpose. In literary composition he becomes more hesitating, if not more cautious, perhaps because he finds himself unaccountably hampered by a sudden inability to use vernacular English. In the House of Commons Mr. GLADSTONE is incapable of the feeble barbarism of describing certain newspapers as "the highest organs of political articulation." There is, happily, not a newspaper writer in London who would not articulate more intelligibly. CICERO was afflicted

with similar helplessness only when he ventured into verse:—

"O fortunatam natam me Consule, Romam!"  
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic  
Omnia dixisset.

If Mr. GLADSTONE spoke in Parliament of organs of articulation, he might despise the weapons of the adversaries who deprecate the advent of the free and happy Government in which he hopes to preside as Consul.

#### MODERN PILOTS.

THE defence of English foreign policy is a little difficult just at present, because the advocate who undertakes to defend it must use arguments in one part of his case that are fatal to another part of it. It is not difficult to find arguments that will prove, to those who come with prepossessions properly prepared, either that Germany is right or that Denmark is right; but there is a very serious difficulty in proving logically that the cause of Denmark has deteriorated in precise proportion to the battles she has lost, or that a European war may be risked for a treaty in January which is not worth a blow in June. This inherent difficulty in the Ministerial case must be remembered charitably by those who are tempted to judge too harshly the well-meant efforts of Ministerial advocates in the press. A client who, as the trial went on, should be perpetually bearing testimony to his own former misdeeds would be an embarrassment to the most ingenious pleader. It is not, therefore, strange that, during the recent negotiations, the *Times* should occasionally have evinced an indiscreet candour, or laid down eccentric canons of constitutional law. The wonder would have been if this had not happened. Our contemporary deserves credit for having put so good a face upon the matter, and having made a case so nearly approaching to plausibility without exposing itself more seriously. But as the Constitution is recklessly sacrificed in these argumentative *tours de force*, and as it happens to be of rather more importance even than the maintenance of Lord PALMERSTON's impeccability, it is necessary not to pass without observation some of the recent doctrines which have been newly issued from the same prolific mint in order to serve his cause.

A remarkable specimen appeared upon Wednesday last. The *Times* was engaged in defending, or rather in extenuating, the conduct of the Government in saying and writing things which could be interpreted by the Danes in no other way than as indicating a determination to go to war in defence of the Treaty of London. To ordinary understandings this was a cruel proceeding, if no intention of the kind really existed. But the *Times* has a reply:—"It may have been the notion of Lord RUSSELL at one time that such a course was expedient, and if he was led to think it would be popular the Conservative party in the House of Commons was a good deal to blame for the error, for, in spite of Mr. DISRAELI's present utterances, the Opposition papers were warlike enough before the meeting of Parliament, and afterwards the Opposition members in the Commons seemed fully to support the opinions of their representatives in the Press. That they were not in earnest we can readily believe, but the tone of the Conservatives was well calculated to confirm the Government in the illusion that the Germans might be opposed by force in their invasion of the Duchies." Lord RUSSELL, in short, appears in the character of an ADAM, beguiled by that seductive EVE, Mr. DISRAELI, into believing he might taste the luxury of a martial policy without any resulting forfeiture of official life. How far the statement is true, or how far the "Opposition members" can be spoken of in regard to the Danish difficulty as a homogeneous whole, is a question which it is not worth while to discuss. The notable point of this defence is the strange view of a Minister's duties that it implies. In old times of difficulty, we used to hear of Ministers who had a policy of their own. They saw that some course or other was right or wise, and they urged it upon their Sovereign and their countrymen. If it was approved, they carried it out. If it was condemned, they retired, and made way for others who had originally supported the contrary policy which had been preferred. A Minister of the type of CHATHAM, or PITT, or CASTLEREAGH, or PEEL would have felt himself degraded far more deeply than any loss of office could degrade him if, upon a matter of vital moment, he had stooped to be the instrument of a policy the reverse of that which his deliberate judgment had selected. But this type of statesman appears to have passed away. "The pilot that weathers the storm" is out of fashion now. The modern statesman rather belongs to that class of pilot who allows his ship to broach to, and toss in the trough of the sea,



while he goes below and finishes his grog. It appears now to be part of the recognised duty of a Foreign Secretary to read the Opposition newspapers, listen to the speeches of Opposition members, and then to sit down and frame his policy accordingly. Lord RUSSELL, it is alleged, announced intentions in the winter to which he could not have given effect without losing his office; and consequently he did not give effect to them. The result is, a good many reproaches from one side and a good deal of contempt from the other. But then the justification is, "that the Opposition papers were warlike." What a curious picture of Ministerial deliberations is thus indirectly unveiled to the public eye! It is Saturday afternoon, in the winter of 1863. The Cabinet is assembled. The Schleswig-Holstein question is just beginning to assume a formidable aspect, and the designs of the German Powers are shaping themselves clearly for the first time. The Ministers are in deep perplexity, doubting between silent acquiescence and the utterance of threats which, if acted on, will lead to war. Suddenly the doors open—a messenger appears—he holds "the Opposition papers" in his hands. A great rush to the doorway for the moment disturbs the decorum of the conclave. Lord PALMERSTON returns chuckling to his seat, the happy possessor of the *Herald*. Lord RUSSELL, too, secures his prize, and, trying to peer between its uncut leaves, is extinguished for the moment, and looks like a walking *Standard*. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GIBSON are compelled to subside into the *Press* and the *John Bull*, muttering, sulkily, that the Whigs always get the best of it in a scramble. A quarter of an hour of silent and reflective study follows. At the end of that time the Cabinet unanimously agree that "the Opposition papers are warlike." This fact having been satisfactorily ascertained, no further debate is necessary. That night a telegram is forwarded to Berlin, to inform the German Powers that HER MAJESTY'S Government will not look with indifference upon any violation of the Treaty of 1852. Such, if we are to believe the *Times*, is the *modus operandi* of HER MAJESTY'S Government when they are overtaken by a diplomatic difficulty.

If we are to judge by results, it looks very much as if the *Times* had really got the true account of the matter. We are to be governed, not by intelligent men conscientiously tendering their advice, but by a set of weathercocks, delicately poised, warranted to indicate with unerring accuracy every variation in public feeling. It seems to be quite accepted as the natural and proper state of things, that when the Opposition papers, professing to represent the public, say "war," Lord RUSSELL should say "war" too; and when he finds, or thinks he finds, that they are mistaken in their estimate of public feeling, it is equally a matter of course that he should turn round and cry "peace." There is no question that this novel view of the functions of a Minister have been consistently carried out. There are only two objections to be made to the system. The first is that these weathercocks cost too much. It may be worth while paying five thousand a year in order to obtain the services of a sagacious statesman who will undertake the responsibility and the labour of governing. But if we are to be governed by weathercocks, they can be had a good deal cheaper. A gentleman from the office of the *Times* would do it for a tenth part of the sum, and probably do it better. Writing despatches to order, under the direction of "the Opposition papers" and "Opposition members," is not a very difficult task; and if it could be transferred from the hands of Lord RUSSELL to those of his private Secretary, the result would be not only a considerable saving upon the estimates, but a great increase of politeness in the conduct of English diplomacy. The other objection to the system is, that if the functions of a Minister are reduced to those of a head clerk, it will be difficult to induce any one but head clerks to assume them. Statesmen in the present day may have shown an ignoble tenacity of office, reconciling themselves to the loss of all real power so long as the show of it remained. But such failings are not congenial to the classes from which they are drawn. Before a constant succession of men can be found to play the ignominious parts to which Lord RUSSELL and his colleagues are accused of stooping, it will be necessary to dig far deeper into the strata of English society. We are going the direct road to a condition of opinion in which politics, as in America, shall be regarded as the vilest pursuit to which a citizen can prostitute his powers. What manner of statesmen they are which such a state of feeling brings to the surface, we have been taught by a lesson as appalling as any that has ever been given for a generation's warning. It is to be hoped we may profit by it.

#### PARTY SPIRIT IN FRANCE.

THE French Government lately brought in a Bill on the Coalition of Workmen, and as it seemed an improvement on the law then existing, and as liberal a measure as could be carried and as France was likely to welcome, M. EMILE OLLIVIER, among other persons, voted for it. Immediately there was a great outcry that he was a turncoat, a traitor, a secret Imperialist. It was in vain that he urged in his justification that he was but voting as he thought, and that, if he disagreed from his friends, the disagreement was a perfectly honest one. M. JULES FAVRE and M. JULES SIMON spoke vehemently against him, and all the purists of the Opposition called out that they were smitten by the man of their trust. M. OLLIVIER took no public notice, and it was difficult for him to take any. If his friends could not understand the meaning of an honest difference of opinion, how was he to enlighten them? But at last a supremely foolish elector, one of those useful idiots who are furnished in the nick of time by every constituency in every country, wrote to say that he could not possibly vote for a representative who had gone so far wrong as to vote with the Government on any conceivable occasion. This was exactly what M. OLLIVIER wanted. Under the pretext of correcting the views of this poor anonymous creature, M. OLLIVIER wrote a letter explaining to France what he conceived to be his position. And modern France has seen few documents from which such good auguries of the future might be drawn. In a tone of just indignation, M. OLLIVIER deplores the mean appetite for scandal which whispers that, if the sincerest and bravest opponent of the Government ever thinks the Government right, he must have been bought. Politics would disgust every high-minded man if all his critics were low and poor enough to reason in this way; and M. OLLIVIER declares, with becoming pride, that he would return to the triumphs and profits of his profession, and quit the Chamber altogether, if he could believe that the mass of his constituents doubted for a moment of his honour, because he voted with the Government. He might have gone much further than he has done. He might, if he had not been tender of the feelings of his colleagues, have shown that by voting as he thought right he not only was not false to his party, but was rendering his party the greatest service it could receive. France will never return to a free form of Government while the general persuasion remains that Parliament is only a scene of petty, indiscriminate, and vexatious warfare. That men who belong to a party will not see any good in a measure unless their own party introduces it, is the precise absurdity with which critical Frenchmen always reproach Constitutional Government. What is wanted is, that France should believe that the benefits of free discussion can be gained without the evils of factionism being risked. The Imperial Government—although it outrages some of the highest feelings of the nation, and fosters political immoralities, as all despotisms must do—devotes the most honest care and the strictest attention to devising good practical measures for the promotion of the ordinary and daily prosperity of France. It is absurd to think that, having ample information, experienced officials, and men of trained ability at its command, it must always be in the wrong when it suggests what should be done. The worst of all reproaches that could be brought against the Opposition, and the most fatal barrier to its usefulness, would be that it should fight against all Government measures, good or bad, and should try to coerce its more scrupulous members into saying that what the Government calls white is always and inevitably black. The spirited letter of M. OLLIVIER will have, it may be hoped, the desired effect, and his constituents may perhaps recognise, not only the justice of his excuses, but the greatness of the service he has rendered to the cause of liberty.

The excess of party spirit has always been the curse of France since France first tried, in its random and shiftless way, to govern itself. The fire and the force, the feminine jealousy and the meanness, of the French character combine to make Frenchmen blind and eager partisans; and that turn for what they call logic, or the bare statement of abstract theories in an epigrammatic form, has been cultivated until to be logical—that is, to see things otherwise than as they are—has become a typical feature in the ordinary French mind. Constitutional Government and this French kind of logic are incompatible, but it must be owned the existing Government is scarcely less in harmony with logic. For logic consists in following one set of principles or theories to their extremes; and the Imperial Government in many points—as, for example, on the Church question—is wholly illogical, and tries to reconcile irreconcilable interests. Sometimes

the clerical and sometimes the lay logic seems to get the upper hand. Just now, the clerical logic is supposed to have had a triumph, for M. RENAN has been finally removed from his Professorship, and the triumph of the Ultramontane party has been the greater because both the EMPEROR and M. DURUY have notoriously a tenderness for M. RENAN. No question could be more difficult to solve than that which was forced on the EMPEROR and the Minister of Public Instruction; and even those who think with M. RENAN that he has been unjustly treated must see the serious embarrassments which might be caused in a Catholic country if public teachers were suffered to deny openly the leading tenets of Catholicism. Freedom of thought is an excellent thing, but when free thought drives away pupils, it seems to defeat one of the main purposes of a University. Even, however, although the EMPEROR has been obliged to let the clerical party triumph in this matter, he is generally anxious to moderate that rage of party spirit in religious matters which might, if not repressed, so easily take the form of a gloomy and despotic fanaticism. In secular politics, it must be acknowledged that the Government has often been wrong, and has exhibited party spirit in a very needless and a very inexcusable way. Although the EMPEROR expressly invited the members of the old parties to take their share in the national representation, the party spirit of the EMPEROR's subordinates was too strong to let this appeal have the consequences which we may believe were honestly intended to follow on it. Nothing could be more indecorous or more shortsighted than the manner in which the elections of last summer were conducted wherever it was supposed that the Government candidate was not perfectly safe. It is not only the Opposition that should take the letter of M. OLLIVIER to heart. The Government has also much to learn from it; and if the Opposition is bitter, it may be said for it that, although this bitterness ought to be laid aside as M. OLLIVIER advises, yet it is, for the most part, justified by the attacks on the Opposition members which the Government prepares, or sanctions with its apparent approval.

It ought to be remembered, in justice to Frenchmen, that much of the party spirit that is displayed may be attributed to the exciting character of the events through which the present generation of public men has passed. In quiet times there is very little party spirit in England, but when—as in the decade between 1820 and 1830—there is a really serious agitation going on, and the minds of men are convulsed with many contending emotions of hope and fear, the antagonism of political leaders becomes bitter and personal. A Frenchman even now in middle life may easily have been first a supporter of M. GUIZOT, then a moderate Republican, then a victim of the *coup d'état*, then a stern opponent of the Empire, then a suspicious and cold Imperialist, then a sincere supporter of the policy and the dynasty of the EMPEROR. This is the history of many men who now hold a high position, and whom it would be uncharitable, and probably untrue, to suspect of deliberate dishonesty. But it is not to be wondered at that the man who has such a history should provoke fierce enmities, and that he in return should give back scorn for scorn, and should look out for flaws and shortcomings in the past history of those that censure him. It is a great step towards composing these animosities and towards averting the sterile discussions that arise out of them, when a man of the position of M. OLLIVIER achieves a conspicuous victory over party spirit, and looks for a moment, not to men, but to measures. The arguments against allowing parties to fade away are ingenious, but apply to a wholly different state of things from that which obtains in France. There is no fear lest there should be no parties in France; the fear is lest parties should continue to make any government impossible except one that presses down all parties indiscriminately. Time, it may be hoped, will do something to allay the bitterness that exists at present; and so far as this bitterness is the fruit of memory, and springs from a knowledge of the very different policy and principles cherished in years gone by, time is sure to do some good, for it is sure to kill all those whose lives are thus mixed up with reminiscences of what has been in other days, and under very different circumstances. It might, however, happen that liberty might run a fresh danger, and that to the animosities of these personal recollections might succeed the animosities occasioned by a stupid, dull, bigoted rejection of whatever the Imperial Government proposes, whether right or wrong. It is from this danger that M. OLLIVIER is striving to guard his country, and the service he thus renders France is not less because it appears not to be very much appreciated at present.

## AMERICA.

THE extravagant partisanship which induces large classes of Englishmen to identify themselves with the American Federals or Confederates has vented itself in confident and opposite interpretations of recent military events, and in not less positive anticipations of the fortune of the campaign. To observers of calmer temperament it is evident that, down to the 28th of May, no decisive success had been obtained by either combatant. General LEE had for three weeks repelled every attack, and in almost every engagement he had maintained his superiority. On the other hand, General GRANT, justly relying on an enormous preponderance of numbers, has gradually pushed the Confederate army thirty or forty miles on the road to Richmond. To the south of the capital, General BUTLER, though he had been driven back with heavy loss from his most advanced position, continued, by occupying the attention of BEAUREGARD, to effect an important diversion. The victory of BRECKENRIDGE in the valley of the Shenandoah was so complete that the defeated General SIGEL has been summarily superseded. According to Mr. STANTON's statement, the reinforcements which have been forwarded have already raised the army to its original strength, which is represented, on apparently good authority, as having amounted to more than 300,000 men. It is now, however, admitted that the Federal Government has sent its last reserves into the field, and unless the numbers of the army are overrated, the loss must have even exceeded the amount which was originally reported. It is doubtful whether LEE can dispose of 150,000 men, but he is perhaps superior to his adversary in skill, and defence is easier than attack. An invader generally becomes weaker as he advances further from his base, but the Federal generals enjoy a peculiar advantage in their command of the rivers which successively intersect the road to Richmond. General GRANT draws his supplies from the Rappahannock as easily as from the Potomac, and, if he approaches Richmond, he will make use, like M'CLELLAN, of the York River and the James River. General BUTLER was enabled to land his force within a few miles of Richmond, and, if necessary, he would probably find a secure retreat on board his gunboats. Two years ago it was found impossible, after the defeats on the Chickahominy, to crush M'CLELLAN in the peninsula, or to interfere with his embarkation. The Southern Government and generals have performed wonders of courage and activity, but they are obliged to stop short of miracles. At present, their hope of continued resistance depends on the numbers of which they can dispose. Of 250,000 men who were said to be in the field at the beginning of the spring campaign, the greater portion is probably now in Virginia. The victories in North Carolina have enabled General HOKE to march to the aid of LEE, and the continued retreat of JOHNSTONE into the heart of Georgia seems to show that his army has been drained to supply the more urgent need of Virginia. Except on the two principal lines of operation, active hostilities appear to be almost suspended. General BANKS, after losing from 15,000 to 20,000 men, has escaped with the remains of his army to New Orleans; Admiral PORTER, by remarkable efforts of engineering skill, has been enabled to extricate his flotilla from the shallows of the Red River; and General STEELE will probably effect his retreat from the interior of Arkansas. It is not likely that the campaign will be renewed, either in Louisiana or Texas, until the fate of Richmond is determined; but irregular parties of the Confederates interrupt the navigation of the Mississippi at various points, and Port Hudson is said to have been already evacuated by the Federal garrison. If the detachments which SHERMAN must leave behind him to protect his communications reduce him to an equality in numbers with his adversary, JOHNSTONE will probably turn on his pursuer. Except at Resaca, he appears to have suffered no loss in his prolonged retreat, and the State levies of Georgia may be available for reinforcements. No Northern commander has previously advanced so far as General SHERMAN into the enemy's country, or to so great a distance from water communication. With Alabama to the west, and South Carolina to the east, he could scarcely have ventured on his daring enterprise unless he had counted on the exhaustion of Southern resources. At the date of the last accounts, he was still forty miles from Atlanta, which is, with the exception of Richmond, the most important inland town in the possession of the Confederates. It is not to be supposed that JOHNSTONE will surrender the place without a struggle, and probably it may be sufficiently fortified to repel any sudden attack. A defeat suffered a hundred miles south of Chattanooga, and five hundred miles from the ultimate base of operations at Louisville, might prove an irreparable mis-



fortune; but there is always a presumption in favour of an experienced soldier who is engaged in an offensive movement. The dangers and contingencies which are obvious to distant spectators cannot have escaped the notice either of General SHERMAN or of General GRANT, and it must be supposed that both generals have considered, not only the chances of success, but the mode of retreat in case of failure. The disastrous result of the campaign in Louisiana was entirely attributable to the incapacity of BANKS. When General SHERMAN, in the early part of the spring, was obliged to retire on Vicksburg, he withdrew his troops with insignificant loss.

The alleged indifference of the Northern population to the frightful bloodshed in Virginia may perhaps show obtuseness of feeling, but on political and military grounds the Government is probably justified in concentrating, for the first time, its entire strength on a desperate effort. Greater numbers constitute a legitimate advantage as rifled cannon compared with the old-fashioned smoothbores, and the only chance of a decisive victory is to be found in the employment of irresistible masses. The Federals have, from the beginning of the war, habitually wasted their great resources in scattered and desultory efforts; and the Government seems to have learned, either from experience or from General GRANT, that an opposite policy is more expedient. For a certain time, the loss of men and the rapid depreciation of public credit may not imprudently be disregarded; for the total defeat of LEE would repair all disasters, while the failure of the enterprise against Richmond would be decisive of the ultimate result of the war. Although the accounts of the Northern journals were open to well-founded doubt, it seems that, unless the numbers of the army in Virginia are greatly exaggerated, the Federal forces must, two months since, have amounted to half a million. If popular enthusiasm is revived by the capture of Richmond, it will be comparatively easy to repair the losses of the campaign, and to replace the trained regiments which are, even in the height of the struggle, demanding their discharge at the termination of their service. On the other hand, neither voluntary nor compulsory enlistment would be practicable on any considerable scale if GRANT were to return unsuccessful to Washington. Even if Mr. CHASE succeeded in raising additional loans by offering high rates of interest, the whole community would begin to despair of triumph, and the advocates of peace would obtain a hearing. When the tide of opinion had once turned, even the interference of European Governments with offers of mediation would perhaps fail to revive the general enthusiasm for the war. Lord RUSSELL's answer to Lord CLANRICARDE on Thursday night seems to indicate an inclination on the part of the Government to tender its good offices to the belligerents, if any suitable opportunity arises. Zealous Federalists will be disappointed by the declaration of the Minister whom they chiefly trusted, that the Confederates are fighting for the principles of 1776, which were indeed identical with the later French doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection. If Lord RUSSELL foresees or meditates a possible offer of mediation, he would have been more prudent in abstaining from the utterance of truths which are especially unpalatable at Washington. Recent experience might have satisfied him that, in the present imperfect state of human nature, reproof, however just, is seldom an effective instrument of persuasion.

No Englishman who had the power of promoting in the remotest degree the re-establishment of peace would hesitate to use his utmost exertions to terminate the struggle; yet it is impossible altogether to disregard the dangers which would arise if the Northern Americans were suddenly to find a vast army unemployed. In former times, the blustering language of a Power which had neither soldiers nor sailors at its command implied no serious purpose of aggression; but the extraordinary aptitude for military organization which has lately been developed renders the national arrogance more formidable. The recent battles have shown that the army is becoming more efficient as discipline and practice in the field render its courage and intelligence available. Officers and generals also are, as in other great wars, forming themselves by experience, and enabling the Government to judge of their merits. There is reason to fear that the animosities which have been carefully cultivated by politicians will furnish an excuse for directing the energies of the army to foreign conquests. It is not, even to the Americans themselves, an unmixed advantage that they have hitherto, in the midst of a great war, been exempt from extraordinary taxation and from general distress. Yet the large debt which has been contracted may possibly exercise a pacific influence, if the obligations of the Government are not wholly or partially repudiated.

The principal is about half of the amount of the English debt, and as the money has been borrowed, on an average, at more than seven per cent., the annual charge must be nearly equal. It must, however, be remembered that it is easy to reduce high rates of interest in prosperous times, either by purchasing stock for the Government in the market or by paying off the bondholders at par. Whatever may be the result of the war, the Northern States will form a powerful and prosperous community, and perhaps they may be content with the consciousness of efforts which have reasonably astonished the world.

#### PERMISSIVE INTOLERANCE.

A BIGOTED House of Commons has rejected Mr. LAWSON's Permissive Bill by a majority so large that it may almost be called humiliating. It is not a pleasant subject to reflect upon. To think that all the pains that have been expended upon the Temperance agitation should only have come to this—that it has converted thirty-five men out of the most crotchety assembly in the world, on the eve of a general election, when the vote of a compact body of fanatics is of incalculable value! The stationery which has been circulated upon this subject would alone have been sufficient to burn a hundred licensed victuallers alive, and the printed exhortations and opinions only represent a small portion of the force that has been expended in this splendid effort. If a statistician would calculate the voice-power that has been projected upon the tympana of enraptured audiences by the sturdy lungs of Temperance lecturers, from Mr. JABEZ INWARDS upwards, he would probably find that the noise, duly concentrated, would have broken all the windows in Mr. BASS's brewery, and possibly might have had the virtue of thunder in turning all his beer sour. It is sad to think that so much energy should have had no other effect than to convert a reluctant and almost mute minority of thirty-five.

Under such circumstances, it is a relief to take refuge in the consolations which are afforded by the imagination. We prefer to turn away from the barren and melancholy facts, and to take a plunge into the ideal. Let us comfort ourselves by thinking what would have been the glorious future of that society which Mr. LAWSON should have persuaded to adopt his principle. For it would be a mistake to look upon the measure which the House of Commons scoffed at on Wednesday last as an isolated scheme. It was the opening of a new vista of legislation—the laying down of a new and most pregnant principle. The doctrine which it sought to establish was, that people who have the misfortune to be frail and given to sinning have a right to come to the State and to ask that the thing which tempts them shall be prohibited, and that it is no answer to them to say that such a thing is a harmless luxury to the people who are not frail. As drunkenness is by no means the only sin in existence, it is obvious that Mr. LAWSON's great idea contemplated the relief of a far larger community than that which consists of the philanthropist's favourite class—the "intoxicated artisans." It is difficult to see the limits which could be placed to the application of this benevolent principle. We are all so frail, and have so many temptations to fear, that almost every one could have claimed, if the result of Wednesday's division had been reversed, to be protected by a "Permissive Law." The garroters, for instance, have a fair complaint against those immoral persons who, possessing short persons and long necks, will tempt them into crime by walking in the streets late upon a winter's night. There are other estimable classes who labour under temptations against which, unless the Legislature assists them, they will never be able to make head. The interesting race of servant-girls, for instance, is being utterly demoralized by the unrestricted traffic in artificial flowers which a supine Government persists in countenancing. It has been said by more than one Judge on the Bench that vanity in dress is to women exactly what love of drink is to men. Excess in the one is the parent of ruin as surely to the weaker sex as excess in the other is to the stronger. If Mr. LAWSON had been successful, no doubt his next efforts would have been directed to succouring that bulwark of our national prosperity, the class of servant-girls. It is horrible to see the silks and the satins, the wreaths and the bonnets, that are flaunted in the streets to lure these interesting creatures to their destruction. The mercer's shop glitters in the day, as the gin palace glitters during the night; and thus the ruin of either sex is alternately consummated. When will a Christian nation awake to a true sense of its responsibilities, and cast out the demon of haberdashery from among them?

The principle, however, is an elastic one, and, when Mr. LAWSON comes into power, may be extended further still. The cry of "Protection to native frailty" is one that many classes may raise. The Irish peasant, for instance, is deeply anxious to lead a sober and an orderly life. But he has a weak point in an otherwise perfect character. He cannot see a landlord without being seized with a desire to shoot him which his impulsive nature is seldom able to resist. It may be proved by unquestionable statistics, and has indeed often been matter of judicial remark, that all the serious crime in Ireland comes from this ensnaring habit of shooting landlords. If the temptation could only be removed out of their way, the Irish peasantry would indeed become the "finest peasantry on the earth." Surely this is exactly a case for a Permissive Bill. Why should not Parliament with all possible expedition pass a Bill, enabling the ratepayers of every parish to determine whether the snare of landlords ought to be removed from among them or not? There can be no doubt that a large number of petitions could easily be procured from Ireland in favour of a Permissive Bill for the abolition of landlords. If such a measure were carried out, the great cause of Irish crime would be removed without any inconvenience whatever, except to the very limited number of persons who happen to possess a depraved interest in landlordism. Other measures of relief to less important classes might be devised. The ratepayers of London ought clearly to be invested, by a Permissive Bill, with powers to abolish pocket-handkerchiefs, in order to restore the over-tempted virtue of the pickpockets. Tea, sugar, and note-paper ought to be prohibited in every well-conducted household, as sources of demoralization to the housemaid which she is seldom virtuous enough to resist. Something, too, might be done for the higher classes. How many stomachs are ruined by an indiscreet indulgence in the pleasures of the table! Surely the interference of a paternal Government is needed to protect its subjects against the seductions of turtle-soup and lobster-salad. It is a cruelty to expose invalids to the temptations of a City dinner, or to the dangers which lurk in the path of an excursion to Greenwich or to Richmond. At least, upon the subject of whitebait, the people ought to be allowed to speak their minds. It would not be an unfair counterpoise to Mr. LAWSON's Bill, if ever it should pass the second reading, to add a clause that, whenever two-thirds of the ratepayers had voted to forbid the sale of liquor, the people who passed the vote should themselves be compelled, for the good of their digestion, to dine at the rate of ninepence a day.

One good result, however, we have a fair right to anticipate from Mr. LAWSON's measure, though its main object has failed. It may be hoped that he will bring the drunkard into fashion as a philanthropic pet. It is, of course, quite right, while hating the sin, to sympathise with the sinner; but it has always seemed to us that the principle has been hitherto very unfairly applied. All the sympathy of religious meetings and agitating philanthropists has hitherto been reserved for sensual offenders of quite another class. For some inscrutable reason, the "Magdalen" has, up to this time, had a monopoly of fashionable compassion. Let us hope that Mr. LAWSON is heralding the dawn of better things. It is time that the drunkard had his share of affecting narratives, and sympathetic lady committees, and costly institutions, for his reform. We do not doubt that drunkenness has its poetical and romantic side, as well as other vices. It is not evident, in the nature of things, why one kind of sin should awaken the tender sympathies of religious hearts more than another kind; and if a Scriptural name is wanted, after the precedent of "Magdalen," there is no reason why the drunkards should not be called "Noahs." That any great result, in the way of reformation, would follow, is more than we can venture to assert; but it would go at least as far in that direction as the Bill which was rejected on Wednesday. The attempt to limit the consumption of an article by forcing those who wish for it to consume it wholesale is, perhaps, as curious a specimen of legislative wisdom as intolerance and fanaticism have yet succeeded in producing.

#### A VIRTUOUS BOARD.

IT is not long since the share-dealing community was shocked by a magnificent example of rigging the market on the part of some members of the Board of a projected company called the Australian and Eastern Navigation Company. It is due to the Committee of the Stock Exchange to record that they took very energetic measures to punish the persons concerned, and to discourage the practices in which they had been implicated. It is no business of ours to

discuss the question, which was mooted at the time, how far the moral indignation of the Committee was stimulated by the losses which some of their number were said to have incurred by the transaction, and we are content to acknowledge that the practical suppression of the offending Company was a legitimate retribution for the acts of which some of its Directors had been guilty. A recent case shows that the measures taken to check unfair speculation in the shares of inchoate Companies have failed to reach equally objectionable dealings by the Directors of Companies which have attained a more mature existence. The last example of speculative ingenuity is brought to light, not by the intervention of the Stock Exchange authorities, but by a split among the Directors themselves.

The British and American Exchange Banking Corporation (Limited) is one of the many financial associations which have come into existence within the last year or two. It rejoiced in a Board comprising not only a member of Parliament, but, what was much more important for all practical purposes, a good list of names of high commercial repute. Its transactions during the year of its existence are supposed to have been fairly though not brilliantly remunerative, but no apparent reason existed for a very marked and rather sudden increase in the market value of its shares which was among the recent phenomena of the Stock Exchange. Share fluctuations are too unfathomable to all but the initiated to excite any permanent wonder, and, but for the revelations of a late extraordinary meeting of the Company, the shareholders and the public would perhaps have soon persuaded themselves that the intrinsic merits of the speculation had won for it the distinguished position which it held upon the market. The members of a Company enjoying so much seeming prosperity must have been a little startled to find themselves summoned to an extraordinary meeting to receive the resignations of all but two of their Directors. The Chairman was one of the seceding party, and the story which he had to tell was shortly this. From the first establishment of the Company their shares had known no rest upon the market; and it was long since discovered by the Directors that one of their number—Mr. W. J. FERNIE—had been engaged in very extensive purchases, and (if the Chairman's surmise is correct) had contrived to amass, in the hands of himself and his nominees and co-operators, more than half of the share capital of the concern. Mr. FERNIE, having acquired so large an influence, employed it, according to the statement of his co-director, in opposing calls which were necessary to establish the credit of the Company on a firm basis, and in an unsuccessful attempt to force four new Directors upon the Board. The schism in the Direction was, however, patched up for the time on the faith of Mr. FERNIE's promise to take the earliest opportunity of disposing of the bulk of his shares. But so far from the shares becoming dispersed, a new combination on the Liverpool market was formed for buying up the shares of the Bank, and as Mr. FERNIE declined to answer the inquiries of his colleagues as to his part in the transaction, it was not very unreasonably inferred that he was concerned in the project. Another Director, Mr. DIROM, openly avowed his share in the operation; and both he and Mr. FERNIE were requested to resign their seats at the Board. On their refusal, eight of the Directors, whom for distinction we may call the virtuous section of the Board, tendered their own resignations in a body; and the remaining two Directors also put in independent resignations, not being allowed to do so in conjunction with their purer brethren, because they had been engaged in speculative sales while Messrs. FERNIE and DIROM were operating for a rise. That the consequences of these dealings were most injurious to the credit of the Bank may be easily imagined; and nothing could appear more satisfactory than the disinterested virtue of the eight Directors, who preferred to risk disclosures damaging to the Company in which they were supposed to hold a considerable stake, rather than co-operate with colleagues who had so skilfully rigged the market as to buy more shares than could possibly be delivered.

The manifesto of the virtuous eight being ended, Mr. FERNIE had also his tale to tell. He made no attempt to deny the extent of his operations, and was content to justify his purchases by declaring his readiness to pay for all the shares he bought, which was not a very hazardous pledge, if it were true that the whole number of shares in the market fell very much short of the number which the sellers were under contract to deliver to him and his friends. Under these circumstances, the price of course had risen immensely, and the whole market seems to have been at the mercy of Mr. FERNIE and his



associates. The transaction, in short, was eminently successful. But if he had nothing to say in defence of his own operation, Mr. FERNIE had his own revelations to make about his scrupulous colleagues on the Board. The Directors had each held 200 original shares and 100 more of a later issue, making altogether 3,000 shares, besides those held by Messrs. FERNIE and DIROM. The minimum qualification was 30 shares each, or an aggregate of 300; and after a little difficulty the fact was at last got out that the ten Directors had parted with nearly all the shares which they could sell without losing their qualification, the whole number retained among them being just 318 out of their allotment of 3,000. By these recriminations the whole process became clear. The virtuous Directors had been selling in the market which the rigging Directors made, and after having secured themselves a handsome premium on 270 out of the 300 shares which each of them had held, they were in a proper frame of mind to denounce the iniquity by which their pockets had been filled. But it must not be supposed that they were moved by any but the most meritorious feelings. They were satisfied that Mr. FERNIE was buying a great deal too fast, and that not only would the Bank suffer, but a great scandal would arise when it should be found that the shares did not exist to complete the contracts which Mr. FERNIE had secured. Clearly it was the duty of disinterested Directors to ease the market which their colleague was bent upon rigging; and if this could only be done by selling at the premium to which Mr. FERNIE had worked up the shares, all that could be said was that duty and profit for once jumped together, and that the pleasures of lofty virtue might be combined with a clear bonus of 1,000*l.* apiece. The two Directors who, as we have said, were thought unworthy to be admitted to share in the joint resignation of the majority, seem to have taken a still more enlarged view of their responsibilities. It struck them that the market might be eased as well by selling shares which they did not possess, as by merely parting with their superfluous stock, and on this principle the two fell to work to sell only less vigorously than Mr. FERNIE bought. Of course it was an obvious retort in this gentleman's mouth to suggest that his friends who had so nobly eased the market could not expect to pocket money and get credit for disinterestedness at the same time. For himself he seems to have gone in simply for pocketing money, and while he conducted his operations with great skill for that particular purpose, he was content to forego the luxury of disinterested gains.

It is easier to see the evil of transactions of this description than to devise a remedy. While a Company is still unformed, and the Directors retain absolute power over the allotments of shares, it is possible enough to prevent their taking advantage of their position by simply prohibiting all dealings in the scrip; but every holder of shares in a subsisting Company must be allowed to sell, and every one who desires to invest in the concern must be permitted to buy. It would of course be impossible to refuse to Directors the privilege of buying and selling in the open market which is accorded to every one else; and if a grasping Director seeks to buy all, and more than all, the available shares—or if a brotherhood of his virtuously indignant colleagues think it their duty to ease the market by realizing on peculiarly advantageous terms—there neither is nor can be any law to prevent it. Directors are trustees, with immense facilities for Stock Exchange operations; and, like other trustees, they generally have it in their power to make the working of their trust and the knowledge which it gives them consistent with the promotion of their private ends. So long as their constituents do not suffer, and the public are not unfairly dealt with, no one complains if a Director grows rich by the success of his Company. But operations like those which have taken place in the American Exchange Bank may be ruinous to the Company whose interests the Board have undertaken to protect; and there cannot be two opinions as to their propriety, however difficult it may be to prevent any body of men from taking a view of their duties which happens to coincide with their personal interests. We see that, on the part of one at least of the virtuous Directors, a threat is held out of legal proceedings to impeach the operations of Mr. FERNIE, and we shall hazard no opinion as to the result, if ever the threat should be carried into execution; but this much is certain, that unless Directors are restrained by a more delicate sense of honour than it is possible for any tribunal to enforce, joint-stock enterprise must become an unqualified nuisance. It has often been remarked that the tone of commercial morality has never entirely recovered the deterioration which commenced

with the great Railway mania of 1845; and if the American Exchange Bank offers a fair sample of Company management, the prospect in this respect is not very encouraging. We do not know what the effect of these disclosures has been on the price of the shares, if indeed they have any price at all; but however much one may pity the *bonâ fide* shareholders, it would be impossible not to rejoice if the transaction brought nothing but loss to its projectors, and to wish, if that were possible, that the solid gains which the other Directors have found compatible with their indignant protest could also by some similar process be made to disappear. But the old proverb is too strong for such hopes, and on this occasion at least, the virtue, such as it was, of the remonstrant Directors has proved its own reward.

#### MINORITIES.

WE in England have been sufficiently taught by philosophers what is the use of minorities, and can have the satisfaction of thinking that we have as many minorities in a healthy and flourishing state as are to be found perhaps in all the rest of Europe put together. There seems no fear lest we should be all running in a common groove. The very list of amusements which fills the greater part of the first side of the *Times* shows how large is the variety of English tastes, and with what ease and absence of control they are pursued and enjoyed. There are even minorities of one in England with an existence that seems to be happy and respectable, and to make the minority itself quite satisfied. There is nothing more wonderful than the sublime indifference with which persons who have a turn for forming minorities regard the dissent of the enormous majority of men from their opinions. They are always comforted by the undoubted fact that the greatest things the world has seen have begun with minorities as small as any that can be found now; and they are generally unaware that the particular theory or system to which they have devoted themselves has been suggested, discussed, and perhaps tried, a hundred times before they were born. The truth seems to be that many minds are capable of receiving strongly one vivid impression, and only one. When they have once received this impression they retain it very forcibly, and external opposition only makes the strength of the impression greater. There is also the pleasure of associating with other followers of the same theory, and very often this pleasure is most keenly enjoyed when the minority is small—or, in other words, when the sect or clique is a humble and a struggling one. All sects, and bodies, and institutions, to have any vitality at all, must meet together, and have a machinery and recognised modes of appealing to the public. Very often it happens that an institution is all machinery. There are, for example, charitable and religious societies which do not appear to exist for any other practical object than to pay a secretary and to give a few persons an opportunity of speaking who have nothing else to do. And, except that the public declamation of what these persons term opinions hardens them in their little follies, there is some good even in societies consisting exclusively of worthy idle people and doing nothing but paying a secretary. Many an ex-military or ex-naval man, who would otherwise have growled in utter vacancy through a long morning at home, has been put into good-humour, and has come back to his frugal dinner with an appetite and a kindly smile, because he has been taking the chair at some little theological or charitable meeting. Persons in a slightly humbler rank of life go to chapel instead of church because, as they say, they are more considered; they find chapel more sociable, and, on stated occasions, tea is combined with divine worship. The objects fulfilled in these circles by chapels are fulfilled in another circle by public meetings, and by all the little pomp that attends the working of the machinery of societies. There is no reason why any set of people should not meet together for any object that is not absolutely illegal, and it is because the power of holding public meetings and of organizing societies is practically unlimited in England, that there is much more diversity of opinion and much more mental independence than there can be in countries where the police interferes at every turn. It has often been said by French writers that a new religion could not spring up in France. It would certainly be rather difficult. For the religious innovator would have the police down on him at once, on the ground that he was inducing the possibility of a public disturbance. We do not suppose that a new religion is very likely to spring up in England, but, at any rate, it would find a perfectly clear field here; and as a new religion is only a strong instance of a new idea, there are much the same obstacles to a new idea taking root in France as there are to a new religion being promulgated. Those who would like to advance what they think to be the truth are not allowed to meet and to communicate with each other, and so their wishes die out and their idea fades away.

But although some organization is necessary if any minority is to produce its full effect on society, there are instances in which a minority that has once started with an idea becomes only an organization, and this may be a source of considerable danger to society and of great moral evil to those who come under the deadening influences of the organization. In some countries of Europe the Romish Church seems to be passing into this position. The Church in France, for example, may in one sense be termed a

minority. Although the great majority of Frenchmen belong to the Romish Church, the majority of Frenchmen probably, and certainly the great majority of Frenchmen who have anything to do with the government of the country, wish that the State should be superior to the Church—that theocracy, and divine right, and the old dreams of the middle ages should be treated as things of the past, and that France should not pass again under their influence. That the Church should be allowed its proper prominence, that priests should be provided for, that there should be a sufficient staff kept up for the ministration of divine things, is, they think, exceedingly desirable; but they also think it in the highest degree desirable that the Church should be kept in its place, and that the lay government should be able to control it. On the other hand, there is a very active and powerful minority in France that desires a great deal more than this for the Church, that seeks with unwearied zeal to make the Church supreme, and labours to have the country governed altogether after its own fashion. In order to promote this end, the organization of the party is kept up with the utmost vigilance and perseverance. The Jesuits are at the head of the movement, and the whole party takes its colouring from the famous Society which virtually directs it at every step. There are, of course, principles which the Ultramontane party in France seek to establish, and, in a general way, these principles command an honest if not a very intelligent belief from all who belong to the party. But it is not so much the spread of these principles as the success of the party and the carrying on of the operations to effecting which the machinery is brought to bear, that engrosses the general care and attention. The party wishes to be a very strong party, with which the Government must always count. It relies on its organization to procure it a greater influence than the numbers or principles of the party would otherwise warrant. By rigid surveillance and perpetual interference with private life, it prevents defection from its own ranks, and it binds together its adherents, not only by the threats of future punishment, but by the fear of the instant and swift displeasure of a number of powerful and unscrupulous people who are determined to exercise a prompt vengeance on any one who, as they think, betrays them. The very success of such an organization soon increases its power, and women especially like to bow to such a combination of audacity, orthodoxy, and fixedness of purpose.

The question has an interest for Englishmen at present, because it does not appear wholly improbable that the Conservative party may assume the character, not of a party maintaining certain political principles, but of a party trusting to a very close and tyrannical organization to get it a certain amount of political influence. The Conservatives are, it is impossible to doubt, a minority of the nation. There are many great traditions to which their party can appeal, and many parts of the country where persons belonging to the party have great influence. It is generally thought fair that they should have their turn of office, and many of the leaders of the party command respect and general esteem. But there is no question on which the country can be said to be distinctly with them. In fact, they are so far aware of this that they seldom or never enunciate a principle of any sort except those general principles which, though undoubtedly true, have not much greater bearing on current politics than declarations that the Englishman's home is his castle, or the Briton can never be a slave, would have. But a party so rich, so powerful, with so many bright memories to appeal to, has a vast negative influence, and organization might give it a positive influence. Its coherence might enable it to govern, just as the coherence of the Ultramontane party often forces concessions from the French Government which are given with a very ill will. The organization of the Conservative party is therefore being pushed on with every conceivable effort, and it is very difficult to say why this should not be if the political influence of the party is the sole object to be aimed at. A very well-drilled party, resolute in its creed, and determined to ostracize any of its members that dares to differ from it, is exceedingly powerful, and is especially powerful in quiet times, when men who do not belong to a party are inclined to live comfortably on, and can scarcely bring themselves to attach any great importance to mere differences of opinion. If the Conservative party takes its stand on a few bold and intelligible assumptions, such as that Churchmen and Conservatives are identical, keeps a watchful eye over the young, and pays great attention to the borough registers, it may probably attain a very considerable success. Nor must it be supposed that, because the assumptions necessary to bind the party together are not wholly true, the effect of their substantial truth is diminished. It is not true that there are not very good Churchmen who belong to the Liberal party; but it is quite true that the habit of mind which determines to resist all attacks, which regards that which is put before it as unquestionable and unassailable, is the pervading habit of mind both among strong Conservatives and strong Churchmen. The Conservative says that the existing scheme of political things suits him and the country, and he is determined to discountenance all inquiries as to whether it could not be better. The strong fighting Churchman says that the English Church is an institution which he accepts in a block, and that he will not stand any inquiry into its origin, or the truth of its doctrines, or into its practical working. In the same way, although there are many excellent Roman Catholics who think the temporal power of the Pope wholly unnecessary, the Ultramontane party in France represents the general opinion of Catholicism when it says that the connexion between the temporal and

the spiritual supremacy of the Pope is so intimate that it would be dangerous to disturb it, and, therefore, it shall not be disturbed. It is by having a very clear, and perhaps artificial, assurance on points like these that parties are organized with effect. Waverers are carried away by the current, and the organization of the party keeps them from receding. They hear it confidently said that a true friend of the Church must help the Conservative party, just as a good Catholic hears it said that, if he wishes to respect the Pope, he must keep him at Rome; and when once men have begun to act on such a belief by joining a party, they are easily persuaded never again to open the question, but to look on the point as indisputably settled.

There are, however, two great disadvantages which attend the organization of a minority, and they are disadvantages which are so serious as to be quite worth the attention of the leaders of the Conservatives. In the first place, this organization provokes great animosity; and in the next, it tends greatly to increase the indifference of the party itself—and, through it, of the public at large—to anything like truth. The very essence of this organization—that which it is based upon and thrives upon—is the prohibition of discussion, and the prohibition of that moderation which, in the long run, follows discussion. The Ultramontane party succeeds in entirely preventing anything approaching to theological inquiry, and it succeeds by offering a rigid and complicated system which it demands should be received as a whole without questioning or wavering. Nor is this at all peculiar to Ultramontanes and Jesuits. In every part of the world something of the same thing goes on, only it goes on less in England than elsewhere. We have more of the notion here of trying to see both sides of a question, and of wishing to be fair, than is found elsewhere. To drill men into an organized party, relying on its organization for success, is a step backwards for England. In other countries this sort of thing has often prevailed for a long time together. The Southern States were first held together and pushed into prominence by this sort of organization, and are now carried through a dreadful and exhausting war by it; and this is a proof that the organization will very often secure success. But the organization of the slave party was very unfavourable to the consideration of what was the real truth about negro slavery. Southerners became incapable of calmly considering what, under the exceeding difficulties of their position, it was best and wisest for them to do. They were beside themselves with fury, and wild talk, and theories about the ape and the nigger. Forty or fifty years ago there was something of the same violence and onesidedness of party feeling in England. A man hardly dared to hope he was respectable unless he was generally allowed to be "True Blue." But free discussion, and time, and the settlement of some great and keenly contested questions have at length produced a different state of things, and a wish to see what is really the true and right thing to do has begun to spring up. It is a very frail and faint wish at present, and a skilful organization of the Conservatives might do much to stifle it; but it does exist, and it seems a pity that it should be lost. At Oxford, for example, the Conservative party is organized thoroughly, and every pains is taken to keep the organization at its height. The consequence is great influence to the party, but an increasing difficulty in getting any question temperately considered or discussed on the general grounds of justice or public utility. The Conservatives vote in a mass, and render discussion equally useless and impossible. The same effect might be produced to some extent in a wider sphere if the Conservatives brought under the influence of their party organization a large number of the undergraduate members of the two Universities. These young men, when they grew up and went out into the world, might be very useful allies; but then they would have been seriously prejudiced by being bound to the creed of a party at a time when they might possibly have been induced to think and to form moderate and fair views of political questions.

#### DETECTIVES IN FICTION AND IN REAL LIFE.

OF all forms of sensation novel-writing, none is so common as what may be called the romance of the detective. Indeed, one very popular author seems to think that the only striking incident that ever varies the monotony of every-day life is the discovery of a mysterious murder by a consummate detective. Whether the contrast between the stern prose of the officer and the awfulness of the offence, or whether a Pre-Raphaelite delight in the representation of familiar objects, is the true source of the popularity of this kind of plot, it would be rash to decide; but of the fact itself there is no doubt. That an *atra cura*, or rather a *caerulea* or dark-blue *cara*, sits behind every criminal, and hunts him down in a second-class railway carriage with the sagacity of a Red Indian, the scent of a bloodhound, and an unlimited command of all the resources of modern science, appears to be a cherished belief with a certain class of novelists. One eminent member of the craft goes so far as to talk of the science—perhaps the word used was the philosophy—of detection, as if it were a subject on which public lectures were read at Scotland Yard by a well-paid professor. It may perhaps be a little ungracious to object to what may be described as a well-tryed, serviceable, common form which has sold a considerable number of popular novels, and which, in the natural course of things, may be expected to sell several more; but, to any one who has



any practical acquaintance with the proceedings of detectives and with the transactions which they try to detect, this detective-worship appears, one of the silliest superstitions that ever were concocted by ingenious writers. The stories by which the popular notion about them was created and is maintained are all framed upon the same model and all involve the same fallacy, and the facts of every-day experience show how complete a fallacy it is. Perhaps the earliest story of the kind was that in which Edgar Poe described the discovery, by a man of great detective genius, of a horrible murder in a lonely house at Paris. This eminent person ascertained, by a series of profound reflections, that the supposed crime must have been committed, not by a man, but by a baboon, and by advertising for the person who had lately lost a baboon he brought to light the real agent in the tragedy. Perhaps an earlier illustration may be found in the old Eastern fable about the man who, by observing the grass, the flies and bees, the footmarks and the twigs, along a track over the desert, was enabled to inform those whom it concerned that they had lost a camel of such and such a height and colour, laden with honey on one side and spice on the other, lame of such a foot, and forming part of such a caravan.

All these stories are open to the same criticism. Those that hide can find. The person who invented the riddle and knows the explanation is of course able to pretend to discover it by almost any steps, or by what really amount to no steps at all, and thus he can easily convey the impression of the exercise of any amount of sagacity on the part of the person who is supposed to make the discovery. In real life, and especially in the real life of policemen, such discoveries are hardly ever made; and if any one takes the trouble of comparing the actual experience of courts of law with the fictions of novelists as to the extraordinary genius displayed by the detective police, they will find that hardly anything that can be fairly described as remarkable or even peculiar ability is ever shown by the police in finding out a crime. There are a certain number of almost mechanical precautions which they get to know, and which they take, as a matter of course, when a crime is committed. For instance, if plate is stolen, they will give notice at once to all the pawnbrokers in London, or any other town in which the offence has taken place, and this, of course, will sometimes lead to detection. So they will trace bank-notes through a number of hands by the simple process of going to the Bank of England, and showing a note which has been paid over the counter to the banker who paid it in, the customer from whom the banker received it, and so on. They are also acquainted with the head-quarters of thieves and burglars, and get to know some few of their ways and characteristic tricks; but when a crime is committed out of the common routine, and by a person who does not belong to the class of criminals, it is wonderful how helpless they are. They make brilliant discoveries in novels, but in real life next to nothing is due to their sagacity. Point out an obviously guilty person who has absconded, and they will often hunt him down with both skill and perseverance, but they are almost powerless in discovering who the guilty person is. Any one who took the trouble to do so might soon make out a fearfully long list of undiscovered crimes. As to the common offences against property, it is enough to say that a whole army of marauders live in comfort, and even in occasional splendour, by committing them. There are in England thousands of professional thieves, robbers, burglars, and coiners, to say nothing of people who make a living by extortion. Even in regard of murders, there is every reason to believe that a majority are undiscovered, to say nothing of those which are unsuspected; and of persons actually brought to trial somewhere about 25 per cent. are acquitted. It is hard to doubt that the majority at least of these persons owe their escape to defects in the evidence against them. It can scarcely be that so large a number of really innocent persons are wrongfully suspected. There is one department in which detectives have the fullest opportunity and the strongest encouragement for the display of their supposed sagacity. When a man is unlucky enough to get into the Divorce Court he will almost always employ detectives, and it is marvellous to see how little good he gets by it if the persons whom he employs go one step beyond the commonest possible exertions, not so much of ingenuity as of industry. It requires a very humble effort of skill to show that A. B. and C. D. stopped at such an hotel; but as soon as the energetic detective goes beyond this humble line and betakes himself to boring holes through doors and other such devices, he usually impresses the Court and jury with the belief that he is simply a bungler.

These remarks are intended to discredit, not the police, but the novelists. The simple truth is that, under a system of law and rules of evidence like our own, there is very little scope for the sort of cunning with which novelists delight to credit the normal detective of a sensation novel. It is possible that the sort of gifts which they describe may have been possessed, or have been supposed to be possessed, by the old French police; but then it must be remembered that French public feeling will tolerate many things which would be altogether intolerable to Englishmen, that French tribunals are satisfied with evidence on which no English jury would act, and that French police officers are never cross-examined. If the feats of the old French police had been submitted to the tests of truth imposed by the laws of this country, it would probably have appeared that they had, in reality, far less to boast of than they supposed, and that many of their supposed triumphs were, in fact, nothing but mares'-neats. Nothing is less trustworthy

than that which claims to be behind-the-scenes information. It is one of the commonest experiences of all persons who are practically acquainted with the administration of justice to be told that there is "no moral doubt" whatever of the guilt of such or such a man. When the reason is asked for, the answer is generally altogether unsatisfactory, and as often as not it amounts at most to a guess on the part of the police or the prosecuting attorney, of the truth of which they have persuaded themselves without any reasonable grounds, and merely on account of the disposition which men have to stick to the hypothesis by which they have once accounted for a thing in their own minds.

The explanation of the whole matter is to be found in considering the nature of crimes and of the evidence by which they are shown to have been committed. A crime is almost always an act of a somewhat violent and more or less dramatic character, unless, indeed, it be a secret fraud. It is always committed for some reason or other, and is generally followed by some marked change in the conduct of the person who has committed it. In almost every case the motive and preparation for the offence, its execution, and the subsequent behaviour of the criminal are matters which, if they can be ascertained, mark off in a sufficiently decisive and distinctive way some one person, or some small class of persons, from the rest of the community. Nobody but the thief or the receiver pawns the stolen goods. Nobody but a clerk or a servant who has the opportunity of doing so embezzles money, and if he does, he is obliged to alter his accounts so as to avoid discovery. If a man passes bad money it is pretty certain that he will try to get as much change for his bad shilling as he can. Nor does any one deliberately commit murder unless he has some object to gain by the death of his victim, and proposes to make some sort of change in his own arrangements on account of it. Thus in every case, or almost every case, of crime, there are pretty broad tracks, leading to and from the actual offence itself, and showing the way in which it was committed. No doubt there are exceptions, and it is upon these exceptions that sensation novelists fasten. A crime sometimes occurs of which it is extremely difficult to trace the history, but to such cases our English rules of evidence, generally speaking, extend impunity. Where there is no power to keep suspected persons in prison, and constantly worry them by interrogatories; where every form of hearsay is rigidly excluded from consideration; where nothing is allowed to be given in evidence which is not immediately connected with the very point at issue, there is little room left for the sort of ingenuity ascribed to detectives. There either is or there is not evidence of the crime. If there is evidence, there is, generally speaking, little skill required for its detection; if there is not, all the skill in the world will not supply its absence without deliberate perjury and forgery. Any one may convince himself of this who will take the trouble to study the evidence given in any important criminal case. Palmer's trial, for example, was justly celebrated as an instance in which every relevant fact was brought out and marshalled with unequalled skill and industry; yet there was not a single curious or ingenious piece of testimony given in the whole trial, if indeed we except the scientific evidence, which stood on a basis of its own. The only ingenuity shown in the whole matter was shown by the gentleman who first suspected that a crime had been committed. When he had once put forward that notion, the task of finding out where Palmer had bought the poison, what he had done about his friend's bets, and the like, was all plain sailing enough. Indeed, skilfully as the case was got up, and lavishly as was the expenditure upon it, no one ever found out what became of the greater part of the money which Cook received for his bets, and which Palmer no doubt stole; yet this is just the sort of thing which the imaginary detective ought to have discovered with hardly an effort. Many hundred pounds' worth of bank-notes are paid to a man on a race-course. His friend murders and robs him; where are the notes? They never were traced. In a novel, there would have been sure to be some mysterious yet simple and ingenious dodge by which they would have been discovered; but this is just the difference between the detective of fiction and the detective of real life. The whole matter may be summed up very shortly. There is little scope for ingenuity in the detection of crimes, because, if there is evidence, it is almost always easy to produce it; and if there is none, it is altogether impossible to get it. The sphere of ingenuity is in making guesses, and the whole object of English courts of law and rules of evidence is to exclude guesswork.

#### FALLING OFF.

WHEN young ladies hear a man talk of his old set at college, they generally exclaim how delightful it must be to meet in after life, to revive old associations, talk over old days, and so forth. The picture is one precisely calculated to strike a sentimental imagination. The notion of a dozen men leaving for a moment the sordid cares of active life and throwing themselves freely back into the spirit of a time when life had no cares, but only represented hopes and aspirations, is eminently attractive to people who are fond of imagining nice situations and touching scenes. It is not without a feeling of profound sorrow that one recognises the difficulties that stand in the way of realizing so charming an idea. As a rule, the members making a college set are scattered to the four quarters of the globe before they have reached five-and-twenty. One is out in India, another is in the Temple, a third is tending sheep in New Zealand, a fourth is shepherd of souls in Rutlandshire, while a fifth is being gradually petrified

into a college don. Supposing circumstances to bring them together again twenty years later, there is really not much chance, except in a few uncommon cases, of the young ladies' notion coming true. The returned civil servant is stamped with the uncomfortable traits of the Anglo-Indian, the barrister has perhaps changed from a human being into a lawyer, the don is engrossed in all the pettiness of college politics, and the only persons with any mutual sympathy are the two shepherds, between whom long social isolation and companionship with aborigines and sheep have induced a certain resemblance. We must, however, draw a distinction. If the set happens to have been one based on athletic principles, the reunion will probably be a great deal more successful than if the men, when lads, had liked one another, not because they could all pull or play cricket, but on intellectual grounds—because they liked the same books, and held, or fancied they held, the same kind of views on religious and philosophical questions. A simple taste of any sort, like boating, or shooting, or cricket, can never lead its votaries very widely apart, and, springing as it does very much from physical constitution, is more likely to be permanent. A middle-aged conveyancer whom over-work has made too thin, or a parson whom plenty of country air and sound port and an easy parish have made too stout, to take an oar or handle a bat, may still find a great deal of pleasure in talking over old scores or memorable spurts, and in discussing questions of round-hand bowling or a short or sweeping stroke. But the men who composed an "earnest" set very seldom retain the common ground on which they began life. Intellectual activity leads to every possible variety of opinion, and the history of the last thirty years supplies, unhappily, too many proofs that this gradually developed variety is quite capable of turning the friendship of youth into the gravest enmity in after life. But the cases in which divergence of view acts so powerfully as to bring about this deplorable consummation are few in comparison, and the more common result is the growth either of dumb indifference or else of a deep but unexpressed disapprobation. There are some who will not believe that anybody who differs from them has been actuated by anything but sheer mental obliquity. The majority, however—with reference to those who started from the same point with themselves, but in course of time have wandered into strange roads—content their own judgment and gratify their self-love by lamenting with pathetic sincerity how much their former friend has fallen off.

This is a particularly favourite device with unconverted transcendentalists. There is always, both in universities and every other community, a small set of young men whose common bond is a fervent attachment to Emerson and to the less valuable parts of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. They are very strong upon the necessity of worshipping sorrow, and of recognising all sorts of nameless mysteriousnesses in man. They sit up half the night declaiming against giganity and phantasms, and logic and political economy, which they know nothing about, and Bentham, whom they have never read, and annihilate society with scorching sarcasms borrowed from their idols. They talk in a language, and think in a set of ideas, and live in a mental world, beyond the ken or apprehension of ordinary mortals. In due time, some of these eloquent sentimentalists find it expedient to make a living in the odious and contemptible world. That labour which they have so long extolled as the sole glory of intelligent beings, and the true mission of the immensity of man on this earth, they find by no means so grand and sublime as they used to suppose in the exalted season when they had nothing to do. Drawing leases or pleading in cases of disputed contracts, or feeling pulses and looking at tongues all day, or even christening and marrying and taking tea with churchwardens, may become terribly tedious after a time; but they may do a man immense service by teaching him something about what is actual in men, instead of leaving him to go through life vapouring about their mysteriousnesses. He will gradually discover that society is far from being so base and hypocritical as he used to think, but is a machine which, though always susceptible of improvement, generally works for the welfare of the community as well as the age will allow; that man is in practice not so low, nor in capacity so unspeakably sublime, as his former teachers maintain; that logic is, on the whole, rather a useful science; that, after all, some of the discoveries of political economy have largely ameliorated the condition of mankind, and that Bentham was not a mere monster of callous shallowness. All this, and much more of a like tendency, reveals itself to him by degrees, until at length his emancipation from the trammels of the old sentimentalism is complete. Meanwhile, some other member of the set may have had money enough to make him independent of a profession. He only sees so much of society as happens to sympathize with his own tastes, and entirely escapes the wholesome necessity of doing irksome and disagreeable tasks, and of mixing with plain folks who look at life practically or even coarsely. He is so absolutely filled with aphorisms like Emerson's, that "life is a search after power," as to overlook the fact that, with a vast majority of human creatures, life is a search after bread and butter. It is of no use to ask him, in the words of Eliphaz the Temanite, "Doth a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind?" One cannot demand what good comes of his sublime thoughts and ineffable phrases, because looking to consequences is Benthamism, Giggmanian, and a hundred other shocking things. And so it comes to pass that, when the two bosom friends meet, after a long interval, to revive old associations and realize the young lady's

vision, they separate in some sort mutually disgusted, the man of the world wondering how on earth the common conditions of life have failed to disperse the senseless notions of the transcendentalist, who, on the other hand, deplors with edifying compassion the falling off which has taken place in one who promised so well.

And the same account is true of the sets whose earnestness takes an Anglican or an Evangelical turn. If any of the number are brought, by a wider experience of life, to change extreme views for others of more moderation and justice, the same cry of falling off is raised by those who remain true to pristine doctrines and practice. No allowance is made for altered outward conditions of their friend's life, nor for irresistible influences which may have operated upon it, nor even for the downright impracticability of their particular opinions in his position. Finding that, though still sympathizing with them in the main, he has ceased to be blindly thorough-going, they bewail his sad lapse into worldliness and latitudinarianism, and hug their own superior strength of character. Laymen are often equally unreasonable about clergymen. They go down to see a friend whose tremendous enthusiasm when he went into orders almost persuaded them to go and do likewise, and they find him talking about christenings, and funerals, and sermons, much as they talk about writing an article, or keeping an appointment in the City. This strikes them as a very shocking relapse, and, travelling back to town together, they speak of him with a kind of benign melancholy, as of one who has mistaken his vocation. As if it were possible for a man to go through a routine even of the most impressive offices year after year, and still retain enough of freshness never to mention them without an outburst of enthusiastic feeling! They forget too that, even if he could keep it vigorous, the boisterous enthusiasm which was so attractive to them in former years is, in nine cases out of ten, about the least serviceable quality a parson can have.

Among women, too, it is very common to hear a gushing spinster of five-and-thirty deplore the falling off which has taken place in the character of this or that matron of her acquaintance. Before she was married, the complaint runs, she had the most refined taste, and the loftiest aspirations, and the noblest convictions about the beauty and harmony of life. She would read *Faust*, and delight in the abstrusest parts of Beethoven, and be excited about Darwin and Colenso and all sorts of subjects. Marriage has wholly undermined this fair fabric. She now finds greater pleasure in playing jigs to her children than she ever found in the grand masters, has almost forgotten her German and Italian and French, and is a good deal more interested in the management of her own nursery than in speculations on the infancy of the human race. But there may be no falling off in all this. One may, indeed, regret that married women so frequently allow domestic worries to extinguish all the old tastes, and accomplishments, and interests; but there would be much stronger ground for regret, and for crying out about falling off, if they read *Faust* and dreamed over sonatas while their children were left to be dragged up by nurses and tutors.

People who thus love to lament the falling off of old friends, and who find in the lament a certain stimulus to fresh energy in their own path, are only obeying the instinct which makes all men demand more or less of self-approbation as a condition of existence. Only with them the strength of the instinct is in excess. They cannot think themselves quite right unless they are fully persuaded that those who have separated from them are wrong, and they are apparently unable to imagine that an infinite variety of paths may lead to the same common centre. And they are commonly, too, people who never grow. They do not fall off, in one sense, because they do not move; but their arrested growth is the very worst form of falling off. The transcendentalist deploring the fate of his friend whom intercourse with men and women has taught a more substantial creed is as one who should bewail that a child had "fallen off" into a man. From some aspects the child is the nicer object of the two, but the man is immeasurably more useful after all, and if the child grows at all it must become a man. But these people prefer, as it were, to remain children, and whine about their companions who prefer to grow up. And this suggests a reason why one is generally so disappointed with a friend from whom one has been long separated. When death deprives us of a child we are quite unable to think of it as anything but a child, and never dream of what it would have been if it had lived to be twenty or forty. Just in the same way, forgetting how time has fled, we still half expect to meet the jovial free-spirited young fellow who went to India twenty years since. Instead of this, we find somebody quite different, and our first thought is how dreadfully he has fallen off. With some the first thought may be lasting. It would probably be more just to suppose that the old character in its essence still remains, but has been moulded by circumstances into a new shape. Of course the bosom friend of one's youth may be a great bore for all this, only it is well to remember that he may find the same decay in you which you regret to detect in him. He may be still as honest and earnest as he used to be, but his earnestness has taken the useful form of strong views about indigo-planting, and ryots, and land-tenure, while your own has found an outlet in philanthropy, or writing novels, or driving grammar into little boys. It is absurd to argue, because you don't care for ryots nor he for little boys, that therefore either of you has fallen off in depth or strength of character.

Men of a certain temperament are apt to get into a regular habit of discovering the degeneracy of their friends. Nothing can be more dangerous than a blissful belief of this kind that everybody



else is falling off. It is different from a mere spirit of detraction or envy, and may involve no downright ill-will or lack of amiability; but, in proportion as it becomes essential to anybody's comfort, the nearer he is approaching that odious but not rare state of mind in which a man honestly thinks himself about the wisest and best person that ever existed. A more utter shipwreck than this it is very hard to conceive. Of course we are not pretending that there is no such thing as falling off. Only too often the props and stays of character are seen unaccountably to give way, and the brightest moral and intellectual promise brings forth mere shrivelled leafage. In such a case to refrain from recognising an unmistakeable fact would be the silliest sort of mock humility. The difficulty is to distinguish between real degeneracy of this sort and that change which has been the natural and blameless result of the conditions surrounding a man, but which happens to have been in a different path from that in which we ourselves have advanced or stood still, as the case may be.

#### SION.

IT is one of the difficulties in the path of the traveller who visits Switzerland for serious purposes that he never feels quite certain whether the places which he visits are known or unknown to the ordinary tourist. Is the site of that memorable battle, is the capital of that ancient republic, traversed or not traversed by people who are looking out for a place where they may put their necks in jeopardy? Of course we do not speak of the really scientific explorer of nature, of the man who climbs Alps for botanical or geological purposes. His objects are just as serious and just as worthy as those of the antiquary or the politician; and the man who has a serious object of any kind has commonly some degree of sympathy for the man who has a serious object of any other kind, however little in common their objects may seem to have. Sciences of the most different sorts often reveal some unexpected point of connexion; it is the mere starrer and scrambler who stands beyond the pale of all of them. On the other hand, the mere climber and the physical inquirer have an outward point of connexion with each other which neither has with the historical inquirer. The serious and the frivolous traveller will, in this case, be necessarily led to pretty nearly the same places, while the historian chooses his spots on grounds which do not coincide with either of theirs except by accident. All come together at Bern. The modern anti-type at once of Rome and of Megalopolis is also the point of starting for the Oberland. All come together at Luzern. The Teutonic Sicyon has a proud history of her own, and she forms the starting-point for a whole cluster of the most memorable scenes in European history. She is also the starting-point for Rigi and Pilatus and a host of other places where canny innkeepers perch, like ancient barons, among the mountains. Do the different streams in the like sort meet together in the capital of the Canton which in "Tütsch" is Wallis and in "Welsch" Valais, and which itself bears in the same way the twofold name of Sitten and Sion? We suspect that in this last-named city the historian has it pretty much to himself; and we suspect that the same is the case with the not far distant town of St. Maurice. The popular current, we imagine, turns off between the two, and leaves the historical inquirer to delight himself undisturbed with the parent home of western monachism, and with a city which for some centuries was the seat of a government in which democratic and sacerdotal elements were mingled together in a manner hardly paralleled elsewhere.

Sedunum, in German Sitten, becomes, in Romance, Sion. In a place where both languages are spoken, it is commonly the best, though not the most usual, way to prefer the German form. But Sion seems a natural exception. The name of *Sitten* does not raise us above the region of mere *morals*; that of *Sion* at once bestows a becoming sanctity on the city and its Pontiffs. The allusion is irresistible. Over the door of the Council-House we read, "*Dominus dilexit portas Sion super omnes habitationes Jacob.*" And it is impossible to make the circuit of the city without thinking of the Psalmist's exhortation to walk about Sion and go round about her and tell the towers thereof. To tell the towers and mark well the bulwarks of a city which possesses three castles and two cathedrals is a business in which the antiquary might delight if it stood in Cambridgeshire. But how much more when church and castle crown the summits of two lofty and rugged tors, with the snowy Alps rising again far above them, and the young Rhone dashing wildly by their feet?

The traveller who has not seen Sion may be inclined, if he has seen Chur and Cashel, to set them down as about the most marvellous places in existence, but the sight of Sion soon reduces either of them to a secondary place. The rock of Cashel, crowned by the ruined Cathedral and its round tower, is indeed a wonderful object; so is Chur with its acropolis, the town creeping up the mountain slope, and the Cathedral with the fortified Catholic quarter around it seeming to grow out of the living rock. But Cashel has only a single rock and no background of mountains; Chur has mountain background enough, but the hill of its acropolis is not isolated. Neither therefore attains to the full effect of Sion with its two tors, like Cashel and Glastonbury in one, and with even nobler mountains than those of Chur bounding in the view on every side. The whole canton of Wallis, we need hardly say, is one long dale, in fact the valley of the Rhone, with a wall of gigantic Alps on either hand. The founders of

Sedunum pitched on a point where two isolated hills stand forth like an advanced guard in front of the main range. The two hills of Sion are analogous, on a greater scale, to the small isolated hills which stand out in front of the ranges of Cotswold and Mendip. Or, except that they are nearer together, and are in the heart of the valley instead of at its mouth, one might compare them to the Sugar-Loaf and Scirryd-vawr rising above the town of Abergavenny. To mount Valeria and Tourbillon is, however, not quite such an undertaking as to mount the Sugar-Loaf; and altogether the best idea of Sitten is that of the rock of Cashel and Glastonbury Tor brought close together, and Alps at discretion thrown in by way of background.

Sion, then, is a two-headed city. The two fortified hills suggest the notion of the bull with two horns which Demetrius of Pharos exhorted Philip to seize; only the two horns are here close together, instead of at opposite ends of Peloponnesus. Lausanne is also in some degree two-headed, but at Lausanne, as in most other Swiss towns which have an acropolis, the acropolis is still part of the town; as in our own Lincoln and Durham, the slope is not so great but that there are houses the whole way up. But the hills of Tourbillon and Valeria rise above Sion without forming part of it. Houses occupy only a small portion of the slope of Valeria, the nearer and less lofty of the two tors, while Tourbillon, loftier and rather more distant, is almost as unfrequented as the neighbouring Alps. The summit of Tourbillon is crowned by the ruins of a huge episcopal castle, dismantled by a fire at the close of the last century. The opposite slope of Valeria is crowned by the ancient fortified cathedral and its accompanying buildings, suggesting the remembrance of Cashel at every moment. At the foot of the hills lies the city of Sion, small, for the most part filthy, not rich in domestic antiquities, yet not altogether despicable. For it contains the more modern cathedral with a noble Romanesque tower, and a curious unfinished church of mixed style built by the celebrated Cardinal Schinner, the most famous man in the history of the city and canton. This part of the town is airy and open; the Bishop has descended from his eyry and occupies a large modern house near the present cathedral; the Cantonal Government occupies one to match, and this end of the town has its modern attractions as the peaks have their ancient ones. But the lower part of the city, the streets leading towards the Rhone, are wretched beyond expression. The visitor from the civilized parts of Switzerland may here get his first sight of goitres and cretina. The height intermediate between the town and the two tors is occupied by a third ruined castle, that of Majoria, and by what, till the passing of the present Federal Constitution, was the church of the Jesuits. Some little way out of the town, towards the foot of Tourbillon, nestles a small Convent of Capuchin Friars, in no way remarkable as a building, but containing one of the most venerable men in Christendom. For it numbers among its brethren Father Furrer, the historian of the Canton, still, at the age of eighty-three, hale in mind and body, still employed in the pursuit of knowledge, still open to reasonings and suggestions from any quarter. It is worth the pilgrimage to Sion to touch the hand of a genuine monastic historian of our own day.

The architectural and historical interest of Sion centres mainly round the hill of Valeria. The more recent cathedral in the lower town is of small size and not very remarkable, except for its western tower, of which more anon. The castle of Tourbillon is most imposing in a general view, and the main arrangements of the fortress can easily be made out, but nearly all the architectural detail has vanished, except from a most elegant little chapel, still rich with frescos, over which barbarous visitors delight to scribble their obscure names. As this castle is utterly dismantled, its roofs are all gone, so it has lost the usual air of a Swiss castle and looks more like the ruins to which we are accustomed in our own country.

The southern slope of Tourbillon gives a noble view of the rock of Valeria and the buildings growing out of it. Valeria, as is implied in the name, said to be given in honour of the wife of a Roman Governor, is the oldest part of the city, the seat of the Roman fortress. The Cathedral occupies the highest point, and is surrounded by the subordinate buildings of the church and castle, now occupied by a clerical seminary, and by a small colony where the ear of the traveller is still rejoiced by the sound of honest "Tütsch," though the "Welsch" tongue seems to be making sad inroads in the town below. German, however, still remains at least the ecclesiastical language. French is the high-polite speech, but German sermons are preached and German vernacular services are held even in the lower Cathedral. The upper Cathedral is no larger than the lower one, hardly so large; the ground could not have received a much larger building, and a church like Winchester or St. Albans would have been out of place in such a position. But even as a building, the Cathedral on Valeria is far superior to the lower one. Though small, it is a most interesting structure, exhibiting several stages of Romanesque and transitional work, and including, as it would seem, some small portions of a church of as high antiquity as anybody pleases to assign to it.

But on a solitary part of the slope of Valeria is a small church almost more interesting than the Cathedral above it. This is the little church of All Saints, a building of extreme antiquity, and which at once impresses the traveller by the intensely Irish appearance of its plan and architecture. Though far less rich, it at once suggests Cormac's Chapel at Cashel, the elder cathedral now swallowed up into a side chapel of the present larger church. It suggests also such buildings as St. Regulus at St. Andrew's, and

the elder church at Killaloe. It is a mere chapel, a nave, choir, tall side tower, and, like Cormac's chapel, has a square projection for the altar instead of the apse. The tower is of a kind not uncommon in Switzerland, exactly resembling our own early Romanesque or "Anglo-Saxon" towers. Another example of the same style, larger and more finished, is to be seen in the tower of the lower Cathedral. We must not, however, leap to any theory as to an English or Irish style imported into Switzerland by the early monks who certainly did go forth from both our islands. It is far more probable that in all these early Romanesque buildings we have the remains of a primitive style, more directly following old Italian models, which was spread over all Western Christendom, and which gradually gave way to the later forms of Romanesque developed severally in each country. In England this early style began to be supplanted by Norman under Edward the Confessor, and though it survived the Conquest a few years, it was only in small and obscure buildings. In more Southern countries it probably attained a higher development and lasted longer, so that some of the examples may well be contemporary with even our later Norman buildings. But the style itself is doubtless extremely old, and particular examples may well be of vast antiquity. This particular chapel at Sion, excepting a doorway clearly inserted in the fourteenth century, can hardly be later than the eleventh century, and may well be far older. The tower of the lower Cathedral may possibly be later, but the style is essentially the same.

A noble tower of the same sort is almost the sole ancient portion which remains of the great Abbey of St. Maurice, said to be the oldest religious foundation in Western Europe. This venerable house seems to have undergone no plunder or destruction except at the hands of its own inmates. It is still tenanted by Canons Regular of the order of St. Austin, under the presidency of a real Lord Abbot who enjoys the right of wearing the mitre. The treasury still retains the most gorgeous ornaments and venerable relics, numbering among them vases of rich Greek and Arabian workmanship, gifts of no less a benefactor than the Great Charles. But as for the buildings, church, monastery, and all, the whole is modern, except the tower and the mere piers of the church, and various stones with Roman inscriptions built up in the walls. Still, the institution is there, and the venerable tower remains as a memorial of what once was. It is a strange feeling, on coming out of a railway tunnel to one of the most paltry of stations, to find oneself with a vast rock close on one side and the oldest Abbey in Christendom on the other.

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAD the Government proposal to erect a new National Gallery on the site of Burlington House come before Parliament as an independent proposition, apart from its antecedents and recommended by its own merits—and, above all, had it been frankly and candidly stated—we do not say that it ought to have succeeded, but it would have been entitled to a dispassionate hearing. But, coming when it did and as it did, it was sure to be defeated. We are in that position towards this matter that we cannot express unmixt satisfaction at the result, though we have entire sympathy with the motives which induced the majority, on Monday night, to defeat the Government by a contumacious division against their plan. It was because it was the Government plan—the plan of the official management which has, under something very like false pretences, "done" Parliament into voting for the purchase of the South Kensington Estate, which tried to "do" Parliament into buying the Exhibition Buildings, and which has played fast and loose with Parliament in everything connected with Science and Art—that it encountered a defeat scarcely inferior in importance to the vote under which Mr. Gladstone gained the first experience of his own powers of leading the House of Commons. The vote was a vote of no-confidence in Mr. Cowper. Like all other votes of no-confidence, we do not, however, exactly see what is to come of it; and this is our main cause of regret, though, had the plan been carried, we should have been equally at sea, so little did Mr. Cowper reveal, and so little confidence can be given to his announcements. In short, it is, after all, only a choice between uncertainties. And when it comes to choosing between alternatives either of which is tolerably sure to end in dismal failure, regrets either way cannot be very poignant.

The best that could be said in favour of the Government scheme was, that it abandoned finally the transference of the National Gallery to Brompton. Not a voice was raised in favour of that burst bladder. We may congratulate ourselves that one rank and obstinate job is not only scotched, but settled for ever. But the issue raised was simply whether the National Gallery or the Royal Academy would be best situated at Charing Cross. Given two sites and two tenants—the problem was, how to suit each of the latter with the most appropriate dwelling-place. It was Mr. Cowper's ill luck or ill management to select, exactly as Mr. Gladstone did last year, those very arguments which combined the twofold misfortune of being least cogent and most irritating. The National Gallery ought to go to the secluded shades of Burlington Gardens, because really the National Gallery at Charing Cross, in the very centre of traffic and population, is a great deal too popular, and gets too many visitors. Nursery-maids go there, and soldiers go there. People take refuge in it from a shower, and actually have been known to eat buns, and perhaps biscuits,

there. Why "goodness gracious!" as Lord John Manners put it, "why should they not?" For Mr. Cowper to use this argument on behalf of the Government, who are always boasting of their South Kensington successes—especially in the matter of opening those well lighted halls, not without their sequestered nooks though, for the benefit of the ladies of more classes than one who affect Brompton and the Fulham Road—was a little too ridiculous. But even this was not so ridiculous as solemnly to argue that the National Gallery should be sent off to the sequestered silences of Burlington House, because, in Sir Charles Eastlake's pedantic language, a little solemn pause and the preparation of a calm and quiet mind, which are impossible at Charing Cross but possible in Piccadilly, form the best preparation for a reverent entrance into the sacred halls dedicated to the Old Masters. It is scarcely worth replying to such folly. If, however, the argument is good for anything, it means that the National Gallery ought not only not to be housed in Trafalgar Square, but that Piccadilly is no place for it. It ought to be relegated to a dim religious grove, from which all profane persons should be rigidly excluded, and to which access should be given, even to the *cognoscenti*, only after pious lustrations and purifying rites. The simple fact is, that educated appreciators of old pictures are about one in ten thousand. But, whether they understand them or not, works of the highest art can do no harm, and may do the greatest good, even to the most thoughtless and ignorant. The vulgar do gain, whether they know it or not, by being brought into the presence of the mighty achievements of art; and even the soldiers, and house-maids, and bun-eaters are all the better for Michael Angelo and Raffaele. When, therefore, it was argued, as Mr. Cowper argued, that Trafalgar Square was the best site, and that whatever pictures were there would be most numerous visited, and therefore that the national pictures should be removed, the House of Commons at once adopted the very opposite conclusion from the admitted facts. And if this were the whole question—if we had merely to settle whether the old pictures of the nation or the modern sale-room of living artists had the best claim on priority of choice—if we had only to pronounce on the moral fitness of giving the most worthy home, according to merit, to the Old Masters or to living English artists—there could be but one answer.

Nor, again, did it tell in favour of the Government plan of erecting a new National Gallery at Burlington Gardens that the project was so hazily and indistinctly described. It was impossible to make out what Mr. Cowper meant to build. He talked largely of the desire of Government to have the very best building in Europe. But then Mr. Cowper thinks that the Boilers are a triumph of art, and that the Dish-covers ought to have been preserved by reason of their artistic excellence. The majority, we surmise, smelt a strong anticipatory odour of another *chef d'œuvre* of Captain Fowke. There was no making out what the Government meant, if they meant anything. Burlington House might be left or it might not. There might be an architectural façade, after the fashion of Somerset House, to the south, facing Piccadilly, but this was to be for "halls, theatres, and large rooms for the learned societies." Towards Burlington Gardens, to the north, "there would be an opportunity of having a two-storied building of stone with proper architectural embellishments, in which were to be placed offices and apartments for trustees"—which looked like another palatial residence for yet another Cole. But as to the Gallery, it was to be cheap for its size. "It would be impossible to have any architectural façade to the east and west." The gallery itself was to be "one-storied and top-lighted"; in fact there were to be three galleries, crossed by three other galleries, and "in the interstices there would be other galleries of smaller size and height." All this suggests a gridiron of galleries; and as they are to be so cheap and sky-lighted, and capable of indefinite enlargement, at least to the extent of three acres and a half, a horrible vision presents itself to the mind of more "boilers" more corrugated zinc walls, more iron columns and "ferro-vitreous" triumphs—especially as there is the pointed announcement that the north and south façades, if executed, are to be of stone. This may not be Mr. Cowper's plan, but if it is not, he has only himself to thank for not saying more distinctly what it is. A National Gallery after the received Boilers' type would be, after all, but a doubtful exchange for poor Mr. Wilkins's well-abused work—in justice to which, by the way, we are bound to say that Mr. Wilkins was a man to whom the Pennethornes and Fowkes are not fit to hold a candle. It must not be forgotten that, in designing his edifice at Trafalgar Square, he was required to erect an enormous line of building at a ridiculously low figure; and moreover, bad as the present National Gallery is, Captain Fowke has made it worse. It had a meaning, and a certain point and purpose. The whole structure, the colonnade especially, was "written up" to a central hall; and the central hall was destroyed, and destroyed by Captain Fowke, because Lord Palmerston managed to persuade Parliament that, by its destruction, the building would be admirably and for ever suited for the national pictures. Yet the very same Lord Palmerston now discovers that it is quite wrong to keep them there at all; and the very building which in 1860 he found so "suitable for the permanent reception of the national collection" he now finds in 1864—or Mr. Cowper finds—to be the most "ignoble, disjointed, mean, and paltry building in the world," and feels "humiliated that our pictures should be placed in such a building." All this—the memories of the past, the ignorance about the present,



the suspicions as to the future—was enough to ensure the ignominious rejection of the Government scheme, or of any scheme proposed by the Government, and supported by such arguments.

But the prospect, after all, is not very hopeful. As the matter now stands, the National Gallery is to remain at Charing Cross, and the Royal Academy to remove to Burlington Gardens, there to erect, at their own charges and as the demon of evil art or the genius of good may direct them, such a building as may suit their pictures and their annual gathering of shillings. It follows that Mr. Wilkins's building is to be adapted to the present national pictures, and we suppose the ground now occupied by the barracks and workhouse is to be appropriated, making a site about as large as that of Burlington Gardens. Now "the finest site in Europe" has suffered many things from many architects and many Government Commissions. There are men alive—indeed they are scarcely more than middle-aged men—who can remember the days when the "finest site," &c., was occupied by a premature fore-runner of all Great Exhibitions in the shape of a "Specimens of Industry" or some such collection, at the old Royal Mews; and where now the squirts squirt, a huge sea-monster stabled in the shape of a whale's skeleton. If this palæozoic period before the days of Trafalgar Square, when the Angerstein pictures modestly lodged up two pair of stairs in a very dingy tenement in Pall Mall, could but recur; could we but get rid of the pepper-boxes, and the leaky fountains, and the shabby asphalt, and the Nelson column, and the lions which are to be; could but the whole site return to its primitive chaos, unmarked save by one black board with the inscription "Sacred to the Memory of British Bad Taste and Jobbery"—could this be the end of the "finest site," one would not so much care. But this is not likely to be. We hardly think that any Government, with the fear of a Gladstonian scowl and a Lambeth howl, is likely to propose a clean sweep of the present buildings—stick and stone, compo and scagliola—and a purchase of the whole site behind the present structure, and a really good National Gallery worthy of "the finest site," &c. This, and this alone, is the thing which ought to be. To do less than this is to do nothing, or even worse than nothing. It is quite possible, nay it is very likely, that we have not seen the worst of "the finest site" yet. Even Lord John Manners, though he did not absolutely adopt, yet called attention to, various schemes for refronting Mr. Wilkins's building, for running a light gallery over the barrack yard, and even for calling in Captain Fowke to perform a second operation on the unfortunate patient. If this is to be done, or anything like this—that is, if Trafalgar Square and its belongings are to be yet again patched, doctored, and, as the man in the play says, "bedevilled"—why we think this is a hard price to pay for retaining even the National Gallery from a movement half a mile westward. The fact is, we are in evil case. Between another Fowkeism at Burlington Gardens and another Fowkeism at Trafalgar Square there is not much to choose. To keep the Old Masters at Trafalgar Square is a great gain, but to make Trafalgar Square worse than it is would be a very decided loss. So we do not exactly know whether to be more pleased or displeased at Monday's vote.

#### LE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS.

IT must be owned that, in one respect, the time of running for the Grand Prix has been judiciously selected. There could not be a better arrangement for encouraging the early efforts of the French Turf. The magnitude of the prize tempts our best horses to run under serious disadvantages; and while it would be no disgrace to the representatives of France to yield to the winner of the Derby, it is a very great triumph for them to defeat him. If a horse has won, or nearly won, the Derby, and is entered for the St. Leger, the plan most likely to sustain that horse's reputation would be to send him from Epsom to his home, and never to let the public see him again until he appeared at Doncaster. The objection to this plan is, that it foregoes what seems a very good chance of picking up an exceedingly rich prize. It must be confessed that the temptation is powerful, and it has led Lord Clifden last year, and Blair Athol this year, into defeat. Such a race as the Derby, even if it seemed to be won easily, is an effort which demands rest; instead of which the winner is called upon for almost as great an effort on the eleventh day following, and it is necessary that in the interim he should not only perform, but recover from, a journey from England to France. It is contrary to all ideas of prudent management to run a horse at such a time and under such circumstances, and therefore it was impossible not to feel misgiving when it was announced that Blair Athol was going across the water to contend for the Grand Prix. At the same time the owner of a racehorse must be usually allowed to look, not only to fame, but to profit. The best horses, if they run often, will be sometimes beaten, and if they run seldom they will not win much money. Mr. l'Anson has repeatedly declined to start Blair Athol when it was possible that his running might interfere with his preparation for the Derby, but it could not be expected that he would persevere for a second year in the same extremely cautious policy. Blair Athol is not damaged in quality by a defeat which is unpalatable to his admirers, and it would have been a sentimental rather than a practical policy to have carried him from Epsom back to Malton, and refused to risk his reputation on French ground. The owners

of Fille de l'Air do not scruple to make free use both of her legs and of her reputation. After sharing Blair Athol's defeat on Sunday, she was at Ascot on Tuesday, running and getting beaten in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, by an old opponent, Ely, who beat her handsomely for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and whom she afterwards beat as handsomely for the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket. To run a horse at Paris and at Ascot within forty-eight hours, against good opponents, is rather like that system of management of slaves which Mr. Legree called "putting 'em through." That Fille de l'Air under such circumstances could run second, is one more proof of her rare quality; but it is a sort of proof which, in the case of a winner of the Derby, those who take the sentimental rather than the practical view of racing would prefer to see dispensed with.

The formidable reputations of Blair Athol and Fille de l'Air, added perhaps to a reasonable dread of the hardness of the course at Longchamps, prevented the field for the Grand Prix from being numerous. Besides Bois-Roussel, winner of the French Derby, only two other horses, Vermont and Baronello, appeared to contend with the winners of the English Derby and Oaks. After the hollow style in which Blair Athol won at Epsom this race was considered so great a certainty that odds were freely laid upon him, while the odds against Fille de l'Air were 3 to 1. The other horses were scarcely mentioned, although, of course, there were the usual liberal offers shouted forth of "4 to 1 bar two." The shouts proceeded chiefly from our own countrymen. Some natives, however, had mastered the English language sufficiently for shouting the odds—though otherwise quite innocent of it—preferring, after the attention of backers had been once attracted, to conduct the remainder of their business in French. Interpreters were in great request. One gentleman who was particularly conspicuous from the vociferous manner in which he expressed his desire to lay 5 to 4 on the field was accompanied by a squire or henchman whom, from his appearance, one would have taken to belong to the dog-fancying fraternity commonly met with in Regent Street and Piccadilly, and who acted in the double capacity of interpreter and amanuensis, conducting the conversation and booking the bets. As was to be expected, almost all the interest of the day was centred on the great race, though some little speculation took place on the smaller races which preceded it, and which were generally well contested. So completely did Blair Athol and Fille de l'Air occupy the attention of the public, both English and French, that little notice was taken of the less known and less remarkable-looking horses. The two favourites walked about in the inclosure for some time previous to the race, each surrounded by an admiring crowd. It must be confessed that neither of them appeared to be at all the worse, either for the recent running at Epsom or for the passage across the Channel. A view of Blair Athol, longer and closer than was afforded at Epsom, fully confirmed the impression he made there. He is a splendid-looking and bloodlike horse. Last winter, it will be remembered that unpleasant rumours prevailed that his feet were not able to bear training, and that he had been stopped in his work. His hoofs are certainly small, and he turns the off fore-foot a little out when walking, and that will probably tell against his chance of success through heavy ground, though his muscular quarters and great leverage behind must help him there. His disposition seems to be amiability itself, and his conduct in a crowd, seeing that he never was on a race-course before he ran at Epsom, was wonderfully good. Fille de l'Air was quiet enough in the paddock, but showed a good deal of temper at the post. She looked as well and fit for the race as possible, and certainly is as fine a specimen of a racehorse as is often seen. The race itself admits of little description. At the first attempt the five horses got well away together. Blair Athol got his head in front, and was then pulled back. As they went round the oval course it was plain that two of the five were out of the race, while Blair Athol, Fille de l'Air, and another horse, supposed to be Bois-Roussel, but who turned out to be Vermont, lay well together. In this way they came round the corner into the straight, Fille de l'Air on the right towards the Grand Stand, Blair Athol in the centre, and the other horse on the left. Nearly two hundred yards from the Stand, Fille de l'Air tired and fell back. For a moment Edwards tried to persevere with her, but whip and spur could do no good, and he gave up, which was the most sensible thing he could do. Blair Athol ran longer, and it seemed certain that he would repeat in the Bois de Boulogne his Epsom victory. But opposite the Stand the other horse shot out like a rocket, and won easily by about two lengths. The result was certainly startling, and no doubt all sorts of speculations will be current as to what might have been the result had other tactics been pursued. But the truth of the matter seems to be that M. Delamarre possesses, in Vermont—by The Nabob, out of Vermeille—a colt of extraordinary merit. His other horse, Bois-Roussel, never had a chance in the race. Fille de l'Air was beaten hollow, and Blair Athol, although persevered with to the utmost, could not keep alongside the winner. The relative positions of Blair Athol and Fille de l'Air were just about what might have been expected from their Derby and Oaks performances, and were pretty accurately indicated by their prices in the betting. It is scarcely likely that both should have gone amiss without warning at the same time, and therefore the probability seems to be that the race was run, and won and lost, on its merits. By some mistake Fille de l'Air's jockey neglected to weigh in after the race, and consequently the third place was given to Bois-Roussel, who appeared, however, to be distanced. It is to be hoped that M. Delamarre will bring his colt over to England, and, when he

has got used to the country, afford us the sight of a return match between Vermont and Blair Athol. If such a match were coming off, we should none of us probably feel much difficulty in deciding upon which horse to put our money.

The difference between a French and an English race-course is more remarkable in the crowd which attends it than in the nature of the sport witnessed. There are no booths, caravans, nigger minstrels, performing monkeys, or acrobats. The huge vans that take the holiday multitude to the Derby are altogether wanting. There was only one refreshment stand upon the course; not a single jolly-nose or paper wreath was offered for sale; Aunt Sally did not venture near the Bois de Boulogne, and there was no chance of acquiring snuff-boxes at "knock 'em down." The line of police by which our courses are cleared was not to be seen. It is to be supposed that a few of the many soldiers present were on duty, but they were not demonstrative. Pickpockets and Welchers were agreeably conspicuous by their absence. And except the professional noise of the Ring—though even that was greatly mitigated—and the shouts and demonstrations of a few half-drunken English rowdies on the appearance of the Emperor and Empress, the behaviour of the crowd a great deal more resembled that which is gathered on Sunday afternoons beneath the trees in Hyde Park than that which holds its annual festival on Epsom Downs or at Hampton. The arrangements of the Enclosure and Grand Stand are admirable. The accommodation for the jockeys' weighing, &c. is very good, and might supply a pattern worthy of our imitation. There are also open and roomy stables for saddling the horses. Another new and very commendable feature is that the betting-ring is formed behind the Stand, so that anybody who simply wishes to see a race without the trouble of climbing the Stand can do so in front of it, without being deafened or jostled by the industrious gentlemen who see a prospective backer of a horse in every person they meet. One great advantage of this arrangement is that it allows the ladies to mingle freely in the throng, the appearance of which, enlivened as it is by bright-coloured bonnets and dresses and picturesque uniforms, contrasts favourably with the noisy, pushing, sombre-coloured, moist, and rather dirty assemblage which meets in front of our own Grand Stands. Let us make, however, an exception in favour of Goodwood and Ascot, where the ladies have a chance to sit or stand on the grass without being squeezed or trampled on by busy speculators.

It is painful to a conservative mind to conceive any alterations in the time-honoured features of an English race-course, where in a peculiarly national manner true Britons contrive to enjoy themselves without injury, or even much annoyance, to their neighbours; but still one learns something by travel, and the most patriotic John Bull must confess that some matters connected with race-courses are managed better in France than by us. The course itself, however, is not one of these matters, for the ground on which the Grand Prix is run for is very hard and bad. This great race can scarcely be said to be established until a better footing has been provided for the horses which contend in it. The French middle and lower classes do not, in general, care for horses or horse-racing, but on the eve of this great contest a sort of interest was shown which caused "Le Sport" to be in unusual request at the *cafés*. English words have been pretty generally adopted in French Turf literature, and the pronunciation of them by the natives is amusing. A *garçon* at the *Café Mazarin*, on being consulted as to the pronunciation and meaning of "outsider," with great promptness read the word "whosidair," but confessed that he had no idea of its signification. The notion that the *garçon* would be an authority on such a question resembles that which Mr. Dickens has observed as prevailing at English chop-houses, where the waiter is treated by the frequenters of the room as an oracle upon all sporting subjects. The Paris papers of Monday expressed a great deal of exultation at the event, and in their triumph they could afford to be generous, and not trample on a fallen foe; so it was generally admitted that Blair Athol was "un cheval très grand," and that perhaps his passage across the Channel had interfered with his chance of winning. These papers spoke also in unmeasured terms of the tremendous enthusiasm shown by the people after the race. To English eyes and ears, however, that enthusiasm was of the mildest character. Ladies waved their kerchiefs, and gentlemen clapped their hands, and flowers were thrown to the winning jockey, amid a few cries of "Vive l'Empereur." In fact, the winner was received very much as a favourite ballet-dancer might expect to be received at the Opera. Even this gentle demonstration may be supposed to have been due rather to the good temper and spirits which lovely weather and a pretty scene are certain to produce than to any special enthusiasm kindled by the result of the race, although that result was doubtless highly gratifying to the national feeling of those who knew anything about the matter. The fact is, there was not enough money on the race to bring forth a "Derby yell." In justice to our neighbours, we will suppose that, if Challoner had landed Blair Athol as the winner, flowers from fair hands would have been showered liberally upon him—to the considerable astonishment, as we may venture to assume, of Challoner.

#### THE CUP DAY AT ASCOT.

IT may indicate an ill-conditioned mind to complain of having too much of a good thing, but really the abundance of the programme on the Ascot Cup day was almost oppressive. If the racing is protracted to a late hour, the difficulty which the railway

companies experience in dealing with the vast multitude of persons who demand conveyance to their homes is likely to be increased in proportion as impatience is aggravated by weariness and the desire for dinner. A more reasonable complaint against the programme would, however, be that it was ill-arranged. The race for the Cup was preceded by two short races for two-year-old and three-year-old horses, which would be likely, as experience might teach the managers, to be fertile in false starts, causing tedious delay. One of these races, which brought out Mr. Merry's magnificent two-year-old Zambesi, might deserve to precede the Cup race, but surely the other could have been postponed to a period of the day when choice might have been exercised as to remaining on the Course to witness it. A great many people are willing to depart as soon as the Cup race is over, and surely it is desirable to allow the railway companies to begin at the earliest possible moment the arduous business which they have to perform. The deplorable accident of Tuesday contrasts painfully with the successful management by the South-Western Railway, in previous years, of what is really a very formidable undertaking. Passengers who complain of delay in starting trains, and of slowness in their progress, would do well to consider that almost any imperfections in working such a vast transit business may reasonably be excused by those who have seen the races and have returned from them with whole bones. The trains which ran over the Metropolitan and Great Western Railways to Windsor relieved the South-Western Railway of part of a burden which must otherwise have been almost overwhelming. The drive from Windsor to Ascot is not more disagreeable than an equal portion of time spent in a train, and for those who are pedestrians from choice there can at this time of the year be nothing more delightful than a walk across the Park, which indeed would be worth all the time expended even if there were no races to be seen at the end of it. Those who like horse-racing for itself are pretty sure to love the country, and by going to Ascot through Windsor these two pleasures may be combined in a single holiday. It is surely a good example of how a great town should be served by railways when passengers can take a train at Farringdon Street, in the very heart of London, and be deposited almost at the gate of Windsor Park.

It is curious to observe how the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales seems to bring luck to Mr. Merry's colours. Last year the yellow jacket and black cap distinguished the winners of two races besides the Cup, and this year the Cup and three other races have rewarded the astute and persevering management of Mr. Merry's stable. It is not likely that Mr. Merry's sporting career will ever be marked by a greater day than he has seen this week. He began by winning a Biennial Stakes for three and four-year-olds with Scottish Chief. This was not an easy victory, for Knight of Snowdon ran the winner to a head, and probably would have beaten him if the Knight had not swerved close upon the post. On the Cup day at Ascot last year, and again in the Derby this year, and for the third time on Thursday, Knight of Snowdon has run next or near to Scottish Chief; but on the third occasion the Chief carried 14 lbs. more than the Knight. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Merry's horse is improving towards the form which his owner believed him to possess before the Derby. The pretensions of Scottish Chief to be made first favourite for the great race of the year were on good grounds disputable, and they were not justified by the event. But it is difficult to gainsay the claims which Mr. Merry's horses are putting forward for holding the same position during the next ten months. He won a race before the Cup with Zambesi, and he won a race after the Cup with Liddington. Both races were won very easily, but their value as tests of quality depends upon what sort of fields were behind the winners. Both horses were much and deservedly admired, and although Liddington is the better favourite for the Derby, some critics thought Zambesi's looks and style of going nearer perfection. Liddington is a fine well-grown colt, but his legs are not very good, and he has a great coarse head, wide between the ears. Mr. Merry is fortunate in possessing such a hopeful pair of young ones, but more than one horse has in former years been backed for the Derby at a short price after Ascot, and has not won the Derby.

That Scottish Chief should have won the Cup after winning a close race earlier in the day is an undeniable proof that he is a stout as well as a fast horse. It must, however, be observed that at the weights carried for the Cup a good three-year-old ought to beat older horses. Last year, when Buckstone and Tim Whiffler ran their dead heat, there was no three-year-old of any account in the race. At the same time, it must be confessed that, if a horse of Lord Clifden's reputation cannot give 15 lbs. for a year to Scottish Chief, he must prepare to abdicate the high position which he gained by winning the St. Leger and running second for the Derby. There was always reason to apprehend, however, that the severe hill up which the race for the Ascot Cup finishes would be unsuitable for the display of Lord Clifden's power. A perfectly flat course would suit him best, and when it was predicted that he would beat Macaroni if they met again, there was always some latent doubt whether this prediction would be fulfilled at Ascot. He was to be assisted in the race by his owner's recent purchase, Little Stag, a three-year-old who, not being entered for the great races, has gained perhaps a higher reputation than he deserves. He is, however, a very valuable horse, being of the wear-and-tear sort, able to run in many races and to win some of them. It was doubted whether Lord St. Vincent would start both his horses, but if he did it was possible he might win with



either of them, seeing that some of Little Stag's performances have entitled him to a high rank in his year, and, as before stated, the Ascot Cup is very open to be taken by a good three-year-old. Baron Rothschild has in Wingrave a valuable but not a lucky horse. He was much talked of two years ago for the Derby, but neither his looks nor his public running at that time justified the high private reputation he enjoyed. Latterly, he has gained the character of being great under weight and over a distance, and it would have been agreeable to believe that his respected owner had in him a good Cup-horse, although recollections of his three-year-old form rendered that belief difficult to entertain. Another starter was an aged horse, Gibraltar, who had done one or two great things last year, although it was scarcely supposed that they were great enough to entitle him to be backed with any confidence for the Ascot Cup. The Ranger is well known to everybody as the winner of Le Grand Prix last year at Paris, where he beat a French mare, La Touques, of such good quality that it was difficult to understand how he came to do it. On the strength of that victory he was backed against Lord Clifden for the St. Leger, and carried a good deal of money which seemed rather rashly entrusted to him. Those who did not like The Ranger last year at Doncaster, did not find that he had grown into their good opinion by the time he appeared at Ascot. Of his stable companion, Alabama, it is only necessary to say that he was put in to make running, which duty was performed far more effectively by Little Stag. There could be little use in starting Molly Carew, who only ran a bad fourth for the Oaks, and would certainly have been fifth if Saragossa had not met with the accident which caused her to be destroyed. This estimate of Molly Carew's chance must, however, be taken with the qualification that it is only founded on her public running, which at this time of year is, as regards fillies, a most uncertain guide. Last year the Goodwood Cup was won, after a magnificent struggle with La Touques, by Isoline, who had run fourth for the Oaks without attracting particular attention. The only other performer was Lord Zetland, a three-year-old who has been running all the season, and must certainly be a very valuable horse if, after so much knocking about, he had left in him a good chance of winning the Ascot Cup. The colours of the Duke of Beaufort, his owner, are deservedly popular on race-courses, and it is a trivial matter that they are singularly unsightly. The absence of one or two well-known horses was to be regretted. Macaroni will probably never run again, and Mr. Naylor has lately lost another formidable representative in Isoline. Queen Bertha, as winner of the Oaks and second in the St. Leger, ought, if she could have started, to have taken the place among four-year-olds which seems to have been abdicated by Lord Clifden. It was unsatisfactory to see the Cup contended for by a field in which the lack of number was not made up by quality. Perhaps one of the jockeys who rode in the race was not far wrong when he said, after it, that the winner was the best of a bad lot. However, we may expect to go to Ascot for many years without seeing such a contest for the Cup as that between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler. Horses are now "run through" at such a rate, that it is not surprising, however lamentable, to see the classes of four and five-year-olds so poorly represented as they were upon this great occasion.

The walking and cantering which precedes the race for the Cup is always a pretty sight, but one likes on such occasions to see plenty of equine quality, as well as gay colours and graceful movement. This year's display was scarcely worthy either of the occasion or of the company. About the beauty of Lord Clifden's action in front of the Royal Stand there could scarcely be two opinions. Perhaps he went rather stilly on his forelegs, and, as he has not thickened much since last year, his upright fore-end is more conspicuous than it used to be. Those who found fault with his shape last year when he was victorious, or nearly so, are not likely to praise it now that he has been twice decidedly defeated. Yet, whatever Lord Clifden may be or may do this year, no spectator of his St. Leger victory can forget it, or is likely to see another equal to it. You may easily say that his opponents were a poor lot, but their backers did not think so before the race; and if there are not good horses in the St. Leger it is difficult to tell where to look for them. There is no question that Scottish Chief is thoroughly a racehorse, and it was pleasant to see so good a specimen of the class going for the Cup. At Epsom he looked about the best-trained horse in the paddock, and at Ascot there was, if possible, an extra bloom upon him. With the exception of two badly capped hocks—acquired, probably, by kicking in his youth—he does not show a blemish anywhere. Although he had to do his utmost to beat Knight of Snowdon, he had scarcely turned a hair after his first race except under the saddle, and there was not a spur mark to be seen on either of his flanks. It may be expected that he will be well wound up for the St. Leger, and the Southern public will doubtless be on him to a man; but if Yorkshire cannot show two horses good enough to keep the great prize of Doncaster at home, the running at Epsom must have been a considerable mistake. Notwithstanding what occurred at Ascot, it is reasonable to believe that the cause of Scottish Chief's not winning the Derby was that two better horses were before him. However, the Chief is a very nice horse, and he, as well as his owner, fully deserve the popularity which they enjoyed at Ascot. The most noticeable among the other performers before the Royal Stand was Little Stag, who is a machine built for business rather than show. Strong, compact, and wiry, with good length and about 15 hands 1 inch high, he looks as if he could last for ever, and

amply repay the 3,000*l.* for which Lord St. Vincent purchased him. By his cocked ears and thoroughly game look he recalled the memory of Tim Whiffler, when he was so great over this course and Goodwood two years ago. In the race, it was delightful to see Little Stag, at first hard held and then rushing to the front, taking a lead which was for a long time considerable, and which he never surrendered except to Scottish Chief. His running was equal to his highest reputation, and whatever may be Lord Clifden's destiny, there is one good horse in Lord St. Vincent's stable. The winner of the St. Leger lay behind, in company with Molly Carew and The Ranger. It looked like the Doncaster tactics over again, and backers hoped to see their favourite coming through his horses in the grand and well-remembered style. A little later, and enemies began to say that he would never catch the leading horses, while friends scarcely dared to hope he could. However, John Osborne made an effort, and a limited degree of success attended it. Lord Clifden's legs seemed to be acting with all their old far-reaching stride. At the turn into the straight course he was getting on good terms with the leading horses, among whom there was one whom it was not necessary he should beat. If the finish had been on level ground, it is possible that he could have made up all that he had lost by lagging so far behind. But the hill—the hill undid him. He could not possibly have caught Scottish Chief, and therefore it was useless to persevere in trying to catch him. It was doubtful policy, on such a course, to drop so far behind his most dangerous opponent; but no difference in tactics would have materially altered the result. The three three-year-olds—Scottish Chief, Little Stag, and Lord Zetland—finished, at considerable intervals, well before everything else; a fact which goes far to prove that the younger horses are favourably weighed for the Ascot Cup. To carry 19 lbs. extra over two miles and a half of ground, and up a severe hill, requires all the additional strength and solidity of frame which a year's growth can give.

#### CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

II.

WHEN, in 1840, Agassiz first in this country explained his idea of the "glacial epoch," it used to be said that in conversation he asserted that the whole globe had been covered with ice, excepting *une petite lisière* round the equator. It is true that this small scientific jest was a gross exaggeration of his actual opinion; yet later research has so far justified the extent of his original conception that it now begins to be gradually acknowledged among advanced geologists that all the mountainous and hilly regions, and even vast tracts of the plains, of nearly half the Northern hemisphere have been moulded by ice and covered by the ice-borne *débris* of icebergs. So thoroughly, indeed, has this fact been accepted by many geologists, that one of the best of them—Darwin, in his work on the *Origin of Species*—reasons in an admirable manner on the effect that the gradually advancing cold of the period must have had in driving animal and vegetable life far south in search of more congenial climates. And when at length amelioration took place, and the cold and ice slowly disappeared, he explains that, while many animals and plants returned northwards to the old regions from which they had so long been banished, other species ascended the mountains to escape the heat of the plains, and this is one reason how it happens that arctic or sub-arctic species are often found high on the mountains in southern latitudes.

Accordingly, we find in all memoirs on the "glacial epoch" such expressions as "that period of intense cold," "extremest cold," that "most rigorous climate," "a climate like that of Greenland"—expressions which show the habit of thought common to most of those who think on the subject. Till lately, no one doubted in a general way the propriety of using such phrases, even in a strictly scientific sense; but a distinguished chemist, in a lecture lately given at the Royal Institution, has decided that we are not so justified, and the hypothesis he proposes will startle many persons familiar with the subject, when they learn for the first time that, for reasons not to be lightly disposed of, he conceives that the average temperature of the glacial epoch, so far from having been lower than that of the world at the present day, was actually higher. This hypothesis, which at first sight seems so singular, is founded on the idea that, to produce a quantity of snow and ice so great as that which marked the glacial epoch, an amount of evaporation was required far exceeding that which has taken place in times subsequent to those in which the glaciers were so large. Poets who had no thought of science have loved to dwell on one-half of this theme, as when old Dunbar sings:—

To pairt fra Phoebus did Aurora greit,  
Hir crystal teirs I saw hing on the flours,  
Quhilk he for lufe drank all up with his beir.

Or, in the coarser phrase of Cowley's famous anacreontic, in which he celebrates the thirsty propensities of the universe:—

The busie Sun (and one would guess  
By's drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the sea.

And in our own columns the whole thought was expressed in a passage which ended an account of the ascent of the Jungfrau:—

Ever young, ever mighty—with the vigour of a thousand worlds still within him . . . it was he [the Sun] who raised the waters which cut out these ravines; it was he who planted the glaciers on the mountain slopes . . . and it is he who, acting through ages, will finally lay low those mighty monuments, rolling them gradually seaward.

The new theory, in common language, comes to this—that an exceedingly cold climate during the glacial epoch, by diminishing evaporation, “would cut off the glaciers at their source,” and as at that epoch the glaciers were prodigiously larger and more universal in the world than now, “the sole cause of the phenomena of the glacial epoch was a higher temperature of the ocean than that which obtains at present”—this higher temperature being necessarily accompanied by a great amount of evaporation, and by corresponding precipitation in the form of snow. Both evaporation and precipitation were, it is said, on a greater scale than what takes place in the present world; whence the vast size of the vanished glaciers.

To account for these phenomena we are, then, led back to the good old hypothesis of an intensely heated earth, which, on cooling, at length permitted the waters to assume a liquid form and to rest on its surface. Later still, the ocean gradually by radiation assumed its present temperature, and during one of the latter stages of this cooling the glacial epoch occurred. While this was going on, the land above the sea parted with its heat more rapidly than the water, and thus, so to speak, was enabled to become a bearer of the precipitated snow that became converted into glaciers. The other points raised are matters of detail, chiefly meteorological, but at present we propose chiefly to confine the discussion to the geological question.

Certain matters at once suggest themselves for consideration before the propositions involved in this theory can be thoroughly accepted. First, what geological and zoological evidence is there bearing on the point that the temperature of the sea was generally higher during the glacial epoch than at present? Secondly, what palæontological and geological evidence is there to show that the internal heat of the earth during the glacial epoch, or at any other geological epoch within the range of what may be called ordinary geological history, has ever sensibly affected the external climate of land or sea? And, thirdly, is it possible to account for the great extension of these old glaciers, without the necessity of calling for extra heat to produce an extra amount of evaporation? With regard to the first question, every geologist knows that innumerable erratic boulders, scattered in what is recognised as an icy marine drift, strew great part of the surface of Britain, many of these blocks having travelled all the way from the great Scandinavian chain. Similar erratics are scattered over the Northern half of Europe, as shown by Sir Roderick Murchison, far into Central Russia, down to latitude 51°, and the same kind of phenomena are universal across the broad tracts of North America down to latitudes 40° and 38°. It is thus evident that this ice-borne detritus was carried into the sea, at one stage of its history, by glaciers that, descending from the mountains and breaking off in icebergs, floated their moraine-freights often far to the south. But at a later epoch, as submergence went slowly on, the high lands of Britain became mere groups of islands, and still their ice-bound character continued so markedly that the superficial strata which surrounded them, made from their immediate waste, bear in scratched stones and other marks all the familiar signs of glacial action. Britain at that epoch formed a mere group of icy islands far removed from continental land, for the Continent was itself half submerged; nor are these signs confined to Britain alone.

Again, the zoological evidence agrees with this; for sea-shells are found in these glacial deposits over great part of Britain, at all levels from the present sea-shore (and lower still) up at least to the height of 1,400 feet on the hills; and these shells, like the fauna of the present Arctic seas, include a much smaller number of forms than those that occur in milder latitudes, and besides, in their general generic and specific grouping, resemble forms now living on the coasts of Greenland and Labrador. On the whole, this evidence by no means lends itself to the suspicion that the European and American seas of the period were, on an average, warmer than now; for if we consider the vast plains of Europe, more than 200 miles south and nearly 2,000 miles south-east of the Baltic, covered with marine ice-borne detritus, and the low lands of North America, vaster still, strewn with similar northern shells and boulders, it is difficult to believe that the cold of the seas of the period was merely due to refrigeration caused by the melting of the glacier ice of neighbouring lands.

Next, has the internal heat of the earth in any known geological period affected the climate of the seas, either in the older or the later epochs? If we attempt to answer this question by an appeal to the fossils preserved in formations of various ages, we find, in the first place, that all the evidence at present known tends to show that the seas of the present epoch are warm compared with those of the so-called glacial period. And again, if we judge by the fossils of the mammaliferous and Red crag, which preceded that period, we have proof of seas in which an Arctic type of life still to some extent prevailed, but in which, notwithstanding, we find none of the ordinary signs of floating ice. In other words, according to Edward Forbes, the seas of the Red crag of Britain were rather colder than the modern seas of Britain, but not by any means so cold as those of the glacial epoch. The Coralline crag of Britain seems to show a Mediterranean climate, and the Miocene or middle tertiary strata of Touraine in France and elsewhere were formed in seas still warmer.

Going still further back, many of the fossils of the older tertiary or Eocene series have a look that reminds us of those of subtropical seas. The great reptiles and cephalopoda—nautili, ammonites, &c.—of both upper and lower secondary formations, have often been brought forward as evidence of a universally

tropical climate during the Cretaceous and Oolitic epochs; but, when we get so far back, it is perhaps as dangerous to reason from such analogies as it was in the old time, when the remains of the mammoth scattered over Europe used by some to be adduced as proof of the universal deluge, or by others, of the prevalence at one time in these regions of an Indian or African climate, before the true history of the animal was known. If we now glance at the palæozoic rocks, he would be a bold man who would declare that in the genera and species of the Permian strata, few in number and shrunk in size, there is any sign of a tropical climate, especially when we couple this with what has been written about the occurrence of boulder-drifts in that formation. But to this part of the subject we shall return.

Older still, the Carboniferous flora has been declared by Dr. Hooker to indicate, not a tropical, but a mild, moist, and equable climate, probably similar to that of New Zealand, and the marine shells and corals of the period by no means lead us to suppose that a tropical sea was essential to them. Large univalves are unknown, and we know nothing about the habits of the large cephalopoda of the period, unless the nautilus be taken as an index. Neither do the corals of the time lie in the strata in the manner of a great tropical coral reef of the living world, and indeed some of the genera have near analogues in the corals, great and small, that now inhabit the Zetland and other Northern seas. When we think of this, it must be remembered that we have now got so far back in palæozoic time that, if internal temperature seriously affected the temperature of the sea during the glacial epoch, much more, in Carboniferous times, would the radiation of heat from the rocks have influenced the seas of the Carboniferous epoch. A similar remark applies to the corals of the Devonian rocks, and some of the fishes of the old red sandstone have their nearest analogues in the fish of North American rivers, including the *Lepidosteus* of the yearly-frozen St. Lawrence.

Again, in the Silurian rocks, the oldest strata yet known to be largely fossiliferous, there is nothing in the forms that crowd either the deep or shallow water strata specially to remind us of tropical seas. Corals and shells are alike small; the trilobites tell us nothing on the subject, and the cephalopoda are equally uncertain, especially when we consider that it is said that some of the largest living cephalopoda inhabit Northern seas. Beyond this we know nothing, except that in the oldest known strata—the Laurentian limestones—fossils still exist, and, for aught that is known to the contrary, pre-existing rocks now lost to the outer world may have contained the relics of life as various as those of all the formations we now know. The missing links at the far end of the chain may have been more in number than all that remain, for the symptoms brought to light by modern research do not point in an opposite direction. From this hasty review it will be seen how slender is the evidence yielded by those fossils, from which till lately, and even sometimes now, it has been assumed that the relics of past faunas bear witness to the gradual refrigeration of the sea since the beginning of authentic geological history.

In addition to the glacial epoch commonly so-called, two geologists have asserted the occurrence of clear evidence of glacial phenomena much further back in time. One of these ice-episodes has been described by “the Nestor of Italian geologists,” Gastaldi of Turin, who, in our estimation, has proved that at the base of the marine Miocene (middle tertiary) deposits of Piedmont great conglomerates occur, which, in the occasional ice-scratched stones and huge erratic boulders contained in them, bear the strongest resemblance to the drifts of the later glacial period; for, among other points of resemblance, many of the larger blocks have not been derived from the Alps of the neighbourhood, but have travelled from the distant regions of Maggiore and Como, seventy or eighty miles away. If this be true, the present neighbourhood of Turin was at one time part of a sea that washed the base of the Alps, and into this sea, from the mountains, glaciers descended, which, breaking off in icebergs, floated their moraine-freights far to the west. Here, then, at all events, there is evidence of snow upon the mountains during a time much further removed from the glacial epoch, commonly so-called, than that glacial epoch is removed from the days in which we live. But it may be said that the Alps have suffered much waste and denudation during and since the Miocene epoch, and that, when the Miocene glaciers existed, the mountains must have risen so much higher than now that they pierced those upper and rarer strata of the air where snow could be formed, in spite of an average climate, for land and sea, many degrees warmer than at present. To this the reply is obvious, that though the waste has been enormous since these Miocene boulder-beds began to be formed, yet the whole range of the Alps has been prodigiously raised since the close of that epoch, before which time the Righi and all its sub-Alpine brethren had no existence, and the Jura itself, it can be shown, had been scarcely, if at all, upheaved.

Conclusions equally startling have been drawn respecting part of those lower strata of the British Permian formations which rejoice in the horrible name of *Rothlie-todde-liegende*. In them great masses of strata have been described lying in the low midland counties, and consisting of far-transported stones and large boulders, some of them polished and scratched, which, it has been presumed, could only have travelled on floating ice from the hilly borders of North Wales, and been dropped in the sea here and there as it melted, just as, at the present day, freights of stones travel south from the coasts of Greenland. Both in this instance and in that cited by Gastaldi there seems no escape from this



conclusion, unless we fall back on the worn-out hypothesis that the boulders of all three of these glacial formations were scattered abroad by awful cataclysmal marine waves, which, with other Titanic forces of which we have no experience, used constantly to be appealed to for the elucidation of physical phenomena in geology that could not be easily explained.

It is not difficult to foresee that glacial phenomena for other periods may yet be proved, the most imminent of which lies still further back in an old Palæozoic epoch. But, whether or not this is the case, it is very important that it should be clearly understood that what has been, *par excellence*, called the *glacial epoch* was merely an episode in the present order of things, when judged by the rules that apply to older formations; for all the shells of the glacial sea are of living species, and if the Coralline Red and Norwich crag, the newer pliocene glacial beds, and the strata of the modern sea were all fossilized together, they would be looked upon only as not very important subdivisions of an epoch one part of which was well-charged with erratic boulders. In like manner, the Miocene and Permian glacial beds were mere episodes in the history of the subdivisions of these formations. If so, there is yet no diminution of the value of these three episodes as helping to prove comparatively long epochs of actual cold; and the recurrence of two of them at periods inconceivably remote from our time, and one of them (if we may be allowed the bull) inconceivably remoter than the other, is not easily reconciled with the idea of the internal heat of the earth having seriously affected the external climate during those old times; especially if it can be shown, for example (and it can be so shown), that, for one of the cases, there is no reason to suppose that the mountains of Wales and its neighbourhood were of great height during the Permian epoch.

But there are other considerations that help us in this inquiry, based, not on lithological accidents connected with the original deposition of the strata, but on the accidents that have or have not affected formations since that deposition. Thus, if during the newer pliocene glacial epoch the temperature of the surface of the North Sea (for example) was about 20° Fahr. higher than at present, and if that oceanic surface-heat was assisted by radiation of internal heat through the rocks, then what was the temperature of the bottom of a sea, say, 2,000, 5,000, or 10,000 feet deep? And, what is to us of more immediate importance, what was the temperature of the rocks, say, from 2,000 to 10,000 feet below the floor of the ocean? Probably no very precise value could be attached to any attempted calculations on the subject, but every one will allow that under the ocean, even at that comparatively small depth within the rocky crust, the heat must have been much greater than at present under the assumed circumstance of an ocean that derived sensible heat from the uppermost stratum. And if the temperature at that depth was high during the newer pliocene glacial epoch, much more must it have been very great during Miocene times; and still further must it have risen in some unknown but greatly increasing ratio, as we pass back into all the numerous divisions of Eocene, Cretaceous, Oolitic, Liassic, Triassic, Permian, Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, Cambrian, and Laurentian periods. Now it is well known that rocks that once were 10,000 or even 20,000 feet beneath the surface are in hundreds of places exposed to view, and it is easy to judge if they have in all cases been subject to the effect of very intense heat. The answer is, certainly not.

If we take some of the tertiary and secondary formations in the Isle of Wight, for example, it is easy to show that between the top of the Eocene beds and the bottom of the Wealden strata there are between 3,000 and 4,000 feet of beds, for all practical purposes of this kind, placed conformably on each other; and therefore, when the uppermost stratum was deposited, the lowest lay at nearly 4,000 feet beneath the surface. Yet that lowest stratum, except for a little effect of pressure, is as completely unaltered as the uppermost, and is little else than a mere clay at the present day. If, again, we go immeasurably further back in time—when internal heat, according to the hypothesis we have stated, ought to have far more powerfully affected both external climate and the rocks at various depths—what do we find? The coal-measures of South Wales, according to the calculations of Sir William Logan, are 12,000 feet thick. Beneath them lie the millstone grit, 1,000 feet; beneath that the carboniferous limestone, 2,600 feet; and beneath that about 8,000 feet of old red sandstone and marls; and not only are all the coal-measure shales unaltered, but the lowest marls of the old red sandstone, which there is every reason to believe lay nearly 24,000 feet beneath the highest stratum of the coal-measures, are so unaltered that even now such marls are often dug for the making of bricks. The same kind of argument, with a difference, could easily be applied to Silurian rocks far older, except in spots where they have been subjected to special metamorphic action.

Now, Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge, in an elaborate memoir, taking the data of Fourier, estimates the present effect of internal temperature at the surface to be about one-twentieth of a degree Fahr.; and, judging by the present increase of heat as we descend into the crust of the earth, to raise the average climate of the world 10° Fahr. the temperature at the depth of 580 feet would be so high that all rocks as fusible as ordinary lavas would be melted, while, at a depth of 60 feet, the temperature would exceed 200° Fahr., and all but surface springs would be boiling water. Under such conditions, all rocks at moderate depths must have been seriously altered, and in these circumstances it is difficult or impossible to believe that animal life could have existed in the seas, especially of the older formations. Yet we are now aware

that in the oldest known rocks in the world, the Laurentian rocks of Canada, animal life flourished; and, putting all these things together, geologists have been gradually coming to the conclusion that, in all geological history as it can be read in known rocks, it is in the highest degree improbable that internal temperature ever materially affected external climate. The metamorphic theory stands apart from this question altogether, for there are metamorphic rocks of every age, from the old Laurentian rocks of Canada down to the Miocene crystalline limestones of Jamaica.

It is hard, then, to believe, under these circumstances, that the radiation of internal heat by warming the sea gave rise to that extra evaporation the precipitation of which produced the great glaciers of that post-pliocene glacial epoch which comparatively comes so near the present time that it may almost be called our own. Further, if diminution, as has generally been believed, instead of increase of temperature, accompanied the glacial epoch, it may be asked—even though evaporation were less instead of greater, yet if the cold of that time was so intense that a far greater proportion of the precipitated moisture fell as snow—it may be asked, we submit, whether, under these circumstances, the effect would not have been to accumulate snow to such an amount that the prodigious enlargement of the glaciers ensued which we know them to have attained.

To conclude—if, as we believe, it shall ever be perfectly proved that icy epochs were recurrent, then it may well be doubted if we know anything at all definite about the slow diminution of the temperature of the sun, or even if we are justified in asserting that it is quite impossible that the heat which our earth derives from him may not be variable in periodical increase and diminution. The man who truly explains the cause of the glacial epoch will perform one of the greatest geological feats of our century up to this time, but at present we do not see that the way to the solving of that problem has even been distantly approached.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1864.—PORTRAITS AND SCULPTURE.

(Fifth Notice.)

THERE is little in this year's portraits requiring special remark. The majority of those exhibited have been produced by that process on which we commented formerly—rather as matters of steady manufacture than of art—which seems to satisfy the demands of the market. The Scotch school, represented by Gordon, Macbeth, Macnee, and others, pursue mainly the same track long since marked out by Raeburn; and, dark and blotchy though the pictures are apt to be, yet there is a sort of force in their work which, despite all Academical and other honours, neither Grant nor Weigall, Richmond nor Buckner, succeed often in putting into theirs. It is, however, just to Mr. Buckner to add that his "Mrs. Bischoffsheim" is less mannered than his wont; whilst Mr. Weigall shows a sense of female grace to which his dull colouring and rather monotonous style of drawing (the latter probably the result of fatal popularity) as yet scarcely permit him to do justice. Such work, on the other hand, as we see in Mr. Grant's Beaufort group, or in the lady's bust, No. 278 (let us call attention, with all the delicacy possible, to the drawing and colour of the ear), proves, so far as paint and canvas can, that the right to the title of artist, for the present at least, is in abeyance.

We are more interested by the portraits which bear the names of Mr. Boxall, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Laurence, and Mr. Sant. The latter has resumed, with great advantage, a more forcible style in his colour. Mr. Sandys again exhibits, though this time on a larger scale, that marvellously precise and finished delineation of which he gave an example in 1863. When he has overcome the natural impulse to show his mastery over accumulated detail, this artist ought to hold a place of his own for which people, a century hence, will be grateful. Mr. W. Richmond, also, more than sustains his last year's reputation by another graceful and effective child-portrait (119), to which we may add a head in chalk which looks broad and unaffected. Until, however, greater space allows the Academy to hang all its creditable portraits upon the line, we cannot hope to do justice to their merits. No true work of art in the way of figure-painting (unless the figures exceed life-size) can, we submit, be really seen at a greater height. Even the well-drawn and carefully-coloured pictures by Mr. Wells (38 and 290 in particular), and the two graceful ladies by Mr. Baccani, in which the gray tints are especially delicate, cannot be fairly judged as they hang; whilst the details of Mr. Phillip's interesting and natural group of Messrs. Grant and Speke are as inscrutable as the true source of the Nile has heretofore proved itself. And, for the same reason, we can only request attention to the figure by Mr. Armitage (229), as apparently the most thorough and well-considered piece of portraiture here exhibited.

A Nemesis in art, to the infinite pain of loyal subjects, appears to have fallen upon our Royal Family. From an Albert Memorial to a statuette, they are sacrificed to bad taste and pretentious ignorance. We have noticed the singular badness of the portrait-pictures exhibited of the Prince and Princess of Wales—Mr. Weigall's excepted; but we fear that no such exception can be honestly admitted on behalf of the sculptors who have here served them to so little purpose. There is, indeed, what cannot strictly be named "style," but still a certain echo of style, in Mr. Gibson's head of the Princess. The flesh is smooth and insipid; and the hair, by a common device, is left unworked in order to make a contrast. Yet there is here some reflection of the grace

of the original, which will be looked for to little purpose in the head by Mr. Marshall Wood, which, although intended for the same, varies from it in almost every point—features, ears, and bust; whilst the crude attempt to express the lateral recession of the forehead—that exquisite piece of natural form—has been pushed into distressing extravagance. The Prince has fared no better than his beautiful wife. Mr. Marshall Wood's work is hardly above the coarse model with which he shocked us last year. That by Mr. M. Edwards, with its ungainly parallel lines of cord stretched over the tight uniform, is perfectly adapted for its final purpose—reproduction in "Parian" for the Art-Union Lottery of London. Central amongst these proofs of decadence in art stands a full-dressed figure of Prince Albert, every item of the accoutrements wrought after the fashion of those waxen youths who decorate the establishment of Messrs. Moses, and the intellectual features of the Prince modelled in corresponding style. We often hear complaints that modern costume is a difficulty to artists. The difficulty has, at any rate, not been successfully met here by Mr. Theed.

Etiquette, we believe, has promoted these works to places where they are cruelly in sight, and may perhaps have hampered their authors. It is not, however, by etiquette that the general mal-arrangement of the Sculpture-room can be excused; nor need we have recourse to this explanation to account for the favourable positions allotted to Mr. Weekes, the Academician sculptor on this year's Arranging Committee, or for the bad light to which a few good works have been consigned. Considering what portrait-sculpture is now in England, with a few marked exceptions—almost fallen from art to manufacture—we need attempt little more than to point to unusual cases of success or failure. There is a sprinkling of tolerable likenesses, which, though not expressing one-third of what can be rendered by sculpture, may pass muster in their way. Such are the Lady B. Clinton, by Mr. Durham; two works by Marochetti, which, though superficially modelled, and not free from the artist's passion for trick, we are glad to notice as a satisfactory contrast to the base style of his attempts at life-size figures; and a clever head of Mr. Colnaghi, by J. Adams—to be distinguished from a G. G. Adams of unfortunate Napier notoriety. We must also name Henry Fielding, by Mr. Woodington, a careful and conscientious work; a graceful head of a youth (898) by Mr. McDowell (whose bust of Mr. Pender (902) is, however, one of the worst exhibited); a pleasing figure, well felt in the lines, by Mr. Hancock, in despite of sex named "Penseroso" in the Catalogue; Mr. Burnard's boy with a rabbit; and a child asleep, by Mr. Munro, which, though it has all the air of being got up from a painter's sketch in a superficial style of modelling, deserves a word of praise from the prettiness of the *motif*. Mr. Vanlinden's "Mother's Treasure" (876) may be also commended for grace; and Mr. Boehm, although his bust is in a bad, exaggerated manner, sends some statuettes displaying a cleverness that might be turned to purpose, but of which Mr. Durham's bronzed schoolboys show small trace. "Erinna," by Mr. Leifchild, though a careful work, falls altogether below the "height of his argument." Mr. Redfern's "Nymph" is in the usual style of such figures. It is very difficult even for a man of ability to succeed in this *genre*; and we trust that he may return from this to the architectural sculpture of which he gave us last year a very pleasing specimen. English art is here, as we have before noticed, lamentably below par. Mr. Phyller's bas-relief for the Farm Street Church is tame and feeble. The "Last Supper," by Mr. Ruddock, designed for Ossett, is in the worst style of such work. It is a bad picture mechanically modelled, such as those which Mr. Philip exhibited in 1863, and which look even worse at St. George's, Windsor, than the models did in the Academy.

One bust in the grand and thoroughly sculpturesque manner of Mr. Behnes is sent by Mr. Butler—"Professor Narrien" (896). This, like other heads by Mr. Butler that we have seen, is careful and conscientious in every detail, and appears to convey a genuine likeness. The death of Mr. Behnes has made a serious gap in our exhibitions, which is rendered more sensible by the scanty appearances of one or two living artists whom we are always glad to meet. Mr. Foley sends nothing; and the two works in plaster by Mr. Woolner have been so placed that we can hardly observe the refined and powerful modelling of the features in his bust of Mr. Combe, which is remarkable also for that thorough and, as we might say, anatomical rendering of the hair in which good art has always taken special interest. His medallion portrait (1,049) is almost invisible. Another example of scandalous misplacement—scandalous, because the space in each instance admitted easily of proper disposition—may be seen in the case of the charming girl's head by M. Mègret (905). This, so far as we are allowed to judge, is singularly tender in feeling and in handling. The style, though with modifications proper in marble, resembles strongly the present manner in oils adopted by the French painters of common life. Another French sculptor, almost equally ill-treated—M. Poitevin—sends what seems to us the best ideal work exhibited, in his "Joueur de Billes" (878). This, whilst perhaps almost overingenious in its arrangement, is a brilliant and faithful study from life, and, so far as we know, is original, not less than graceful, in its motive. The masterly under and through cuttings in this work, and the skilful touching of the drapery, should be studied by those who care to see what sculpture may be—an ideal which the long reign of manufacture in England had done much to efface from the public mind.

Meanwhile, it is certainly no pleasant task to go through the Sculpture-room and note successive failures. It is very difficult to draw lines of distinction here, or to specialize the particular deviations from truth, feeling, and knowledge of form, when so large a proportion of the busts, and even some full-length figures, have so slight a claim to these qualities that we cannot class them as *bona fide* works of art at all. Such, then, we will name with the fewest words of comment; to pass them over in silence would be an injustice to the cause of art and to our better sculptors. Mr. McDowell's bust of Mr. Pender we have already noticed. Mr. Weekes, also R.A., sends a head of Sir G. Lewis, which has the air of being simply a reproduction of Mr. Weigall's picture exhibited in 1863, with all the features exaggerated. The down-drawn eyebrows and tapir-like projection of the upper lip render this as unpleasant a caricature of a fine head as any we can remember; and although modelled expressly for Westminster Abbey, the sculptor has not been at the pains to give his work the slightest monumental character. The style is merely that of a bust for a hall or drawing-room. If the Chapter allow it to pass, this will be one more of the tasteless incongruities which deform the building. Without even going into the point of taste, we trust that, on the ground above indicated, they will refuse it admission. No better is the full-length of John Hunter, also by Mr. Weekes. This has been placed in the best light the room furnishes, and no connoisseur can hence fail to observe that here again the Academician has thought it enough to reproduce a picture—which, in this instance, is Reynolds's portrait. But that justly famous work, the most vivid head by the great painter, has suffered such a transmutation as that by which gipsies are said to conceal their appropriations. A theatrical attitude and scowling expression replace the rapt concentration of the original; whilst (where this aid was less available) the modelling of the legs is inaccurate and tasteless to a painful degree. When these qualities are shown in marble work of the highly-paid order, it is natural that a figure executed under less exigent conditions should display even less felicitous characteristics; and, accordingly, Mr. Weekes's statue of Harvey, holding a heart with a sickly and distorted grin, will rank amongst the too numerous bad statues which threaten to render Mr. Woodward's beautiful Museum at Oxford a school of morbid anatomy.

The fact of Mr. Weekes being one of the Academicians of England has imposed upon us the duty of analysing work which, if passed over without protest, might be supposed by foreigners to be accepted as a legitimate expression of English art. The remaining sculpture in this part of our criticism—if its materials can be held to entitle it to the name—may be more briefly characterized. What we observed last year of the wretched modelling and ill-understood forms in the busts by Mr. G. G. Adams and Mr. Munro, applies with equal force to the heads of Mr. Henry Taylor, Mr. Barker, Lord Seaton, and Archbishop Sumner now exhibited. It is hardly possible to criticize busts so low in artistic quality as these, several of which appear to be meant for memorials of the dead. We can, in those cases, only condole with the survivors. Coarsely roughed out as they are, and of curious ugliness, the criticism of one of our contemporaries on these works, to which Mr. Matthew Noble's "Lord Canning" must be added—that they are enough to "add a new terror to death"—appears to us not too severe. Several heads by Mr. C. Summers afford melancholy proof that our colonies are willing as yet to put up with the lowest standard of native manufacture. When will friends and corporations learn that to be badly done on a large scale is no compliment to any man? We must hope that the design for another Albert Memorial by Mr. Durham is not destined to reach this stage. His model shows a heavy figure of the Prince, all tags and tassels, as we see him over the conservatories of the Horticultural Society, placed on a circular plinth, to which four winged females are backing, as if in performance of some mystic dance. These figures are exactly alike, just as the similar ostrich-feathered angels were in the wretched Scutari Memorial—a mindless monotony to which we remember no parallel in any other school of sculpture. We do not know whether the Mr. Brodie who here exhibits a deplorable little figure, sentimentally styled "The Mitherless Lassie" (1,008), be the sculptor who some years since sent a mediocre bust of Mr. Tennyson. This is modelled in a style which imperfectly imitates what has been called the "naturalistic" school of modern Italy—although the name, alas! must not be taken to imply approach to nature.

The tame and textureless medallions by the Wyons, with which our coinage has made everybody too familiar, afford further examples of the low state which the plastic arts have reached in England. But we must here quit this melancholy chapter. To see where we are wrong is said to be the first step towards doing better; and we have hence not shrunk from a confession which it is no pleasure for an Englishman to make.

The Sculpture-room contains also a remarkable fresco by Mr. A. Moore, which, notwithstanding some inaccuracies in drawing (notably in the lower limbs), is both full of beauty and highly creditable to one of our youngest figure-painters. Four females, representing the Seasons, are seated side by side, symbolical accessories and attitudes indicating at once their interdependence and their individuality. The work is perhaps too much cut up into thin lines, the manner of the antique fresco or of the broken marbles of Greece having apparently been in the artist's mind; but the lines show an unusually fine instinct for grace, which we hope Mr. Moore will mature into perfect work. This design, and an oil-picture from a Scripture subject which did not find a place



in this year's Exhibition, appear to us, meanwhile, to justify hopes for the realization of which only study, and the mind that has *Forwards* for its motto, are required. Only! But there is more in this than we have now room to preach on.

## REVIEWS.

### RAWLINSON'S ANCIENT MONARCHIES.\*

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON has undertaken the important work of putting together and connecting the chief results which recent investigations have given us about the ancient and obscure forms of civilization in Western Asia which, more or less remotely, have affected the history of our own. The grander, and what we may call the more original and highly developed, forms of Asiatic civilization have been almost absolutely without influence on the course of things which has shaped the world of our later centuries. There is a definiteness and success, an intellectual swing, richness, and boldness, a finished completeness of character, an inexhaustible and tenacious vitality about the ancient civilization of China and India, compared with which that which grew up in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates and Tigris appears poor and rude, without energy to last and be fruitful, without ideas to give it a stamp of its own. Contrast what we know of life and thought, at their earliest appearance in China and India, with any indications of them at a similar stage of time which we may discern in Chaldea, Assyria, or even Persia. The disparity is not greater between the region itself of which Babylon, Nineveh, or Susa was the capital, and the vast empires to the eastward, than between the crude and comparatively shortlived efforts after social improvement in the one, the traces of which are only to be found far away in shapes utterly changed, and those marvellous and unique products of the genius of Asia in the other, which in our own day still keep their original expression, and do not appear to be near their decay. But the ideas and organization of China and India are utterly uncongenial, and all but incomprehensible, to us. A subtle repulsion keeps them from touching what is outside of them; while the fugitive and undeveloped civilization of the countries on the Two Rivers is part of the foundations of that which has for more than two thousand years governed the course of the world. We should gladly know something more about those races who, to the people of the West, filled up for so long the Eastern horizon, and appeared to represent the imperial and paramount greatness of Asia, and to wield its power. But in history they have always been very dim; and recent discoveries have, in reality, but tantalized us with fragments and glimpses, which we can hardly hope to see completed and made plain. The peculiarity of their history is, that it is crowded with names and figures, but vacant of men. It is alive with powers and tendencies, rich in creative and lasting influences, fruitful in changes and catastrophes, disclosing—in religious ideas, in superstitions, in moral sentiment and tempers—much which has acted and which is yet acting to this day with eventful and decisive force on the very different mind of the West; but it is to our eyes now a sort of impersonal history, without distinct characters, without detailed actions—a history, like a physical one, of phenomena and generalized facts; in its earliest stages, at least, without a single living man of whom we can form an idea or whose personality we can realize.

Thus it was with respect to the earliest of the "Five Ancient Monarchies" of which Mr. Rawlinson collects the remaining notices, Chaldea—a name which, he observes, does not occur at all in the native documents of the first period, and was probably not known in the primitive times to the people to whom it has been since applied. Mr. Rawlinson, along with other scholars, thinks that he can trace their origin, and he gives plausible reasons for his theory—one which diverges from that which has been usually current of late. He supposes that the nucleus or the dominant race in a *colluvio gentium*, "a union of various races between which there was a marked and evident contrast," like those mixed races which have so often played a forward part in the world, was not of the Semitic, but of the Cushite or Ethiopian stock, allied to the races of Abyssinia and Egypt. The people whom we know under the name of Chaldeans are shown, he thinks, mainly by the evidence of their language, to have been a fusion or combination of elements belonging to the four great families—Hamitic, Semitic, Arian, and Turanian—in which the Hamitic portion governed and moulded the rest. Such evidence still appears, to those who have not made the subject a special study, precarious and inconclusive; but there it is, and we cannot be said to be absolutely without light to indicate the ethnological relations of the Chaldeans. We know something of their mythology, something of the genealogies and succession of their dynasties. We know something, also, of their arts, and of the amount of their knowledge. They cultivated the wheat plant, and claimed it as indigenous. They had an architecture of their own; they were acquainted with the use of bricks; they understood the construction of the arch, and moulded bricks to suit it. They still used flint and stone for their implements, but they had learned to work in iron and

bronze; they had become acquainted with gold, but apparently not with silver. Above all, they had learned to employ an alphabet, and the means of preserving writing permanently; and proofs remain to confirm the ancient traditions which celebrated their attainments in the arts of calculation, in the observation of the heavenly bodies, and in expedients for the measurement of time. Mr. Rawlinson classes Chaldea with Egypt, as a mistress of useful inventions to mankind. In its rude remains he sees, in various instances, that "first step taken from the unknown to the known, from blank ignorance to discovery," which, as he says, is equal to many steps of subsequent progress. "Assyria, Media, Semitic Babylonia, Persia, derived from Chaldea the character of their alphabetic writing." He adds—which is more uncertain—"their general notions of government and administration, their architecture, decorative art, science, and literature;" and he adds also—which is, we suppose, still more questionable, when we remember India and China, and how little they had in common with the region of Asia of which he writes—that "Chaldea stands forth as the great parent and original inventress of Asiatic civilization, without any rival which can reasonably dispute her claim." Without putting these claims so high, and without being able to feel certain of all those identifications which are necessary to clear up details, we know that Chaldea was the earliest in that group of early nations which, by their action on the neighbouring countries, by their connexion with the people of Israel, and with all those influences which through the Jews have affected Europe and the West, stand at the opening of the history which most interests ourselves, and in their very name was long preserved the remembrance of the beginnings of human science, astronomy, and the observation of the properties of numbers. But of the men themselves to whom all these things are to be ascribed there is nothing to be told. "The great men of the empire," says Mr. Rawlinson, "were Nimrod, Uruk, and Chedor-laomer." The last we know was a conqueror, though perhaps it cannot be put higher than a surmise that he "was the forerunner and prototype of those great Oriental conquerors who have from time to time built up vast empires in Asia out of heterogeneous materials." The second was a builder, whose name is preserved on stamped bricks and tablets in the huge mounds which mark the sites of ancient cities, and is found in a Latinized form in Ovid. The first is chiefly known by a Biblical phrase, of which the interpretation, whether for praise or blame, is still a question. Such is all of human personality to give life to this early chapter of history, in which the evidences and results of human activity and thought are abundant and striking.

Our knowledge, of course, is greatly enlarged when we come to the second of the great monarchies—the Assyrian. Mr. Rawlinson has found his materials grow under his hand; Assyria alone fills up the best part of two volumes, and he has been obliged to extend the plan of his work. It is difficult to overstate the wonder and the interest of the discoveries by which we have been unexpectedly brought face to face with that which seemed one of the darkest and most hopelessly lost portions of the past. The remarkable feature about these discoveries is that we have not only come upon monuments and relics in extraordinary profusion, but we have also found their key. Unlike other monuments of remote antiquity, they have remained untouched and unseen during all the vast interval of time which separates us from the flourishing days of that society with which they were contemporaneous; and it is their peculiar character to tell their own story of the life and manners of the race which produced them, with singular clearness, force, and variety of detail. It so happened, fortunately for us, that it was the taste and fashion of Assyrian ornamentation to represent the actual sights of life on bas-reliefs of large field and durable material, and to be able to do this with a spirit and adherence to nature which give it a much more real and intelligible character than the more conventional wall-painting of Egypt. But this is the least of what we have recovered from the buried cities on the Tigris. We have recovered a mass of contemporary Assyrian writing, and having got this, we have found the way to read it, and are on the way of recovering from it a lost language. The Assyrians wrote on marble and brick, preserved the chronicles of their kings on columns or on clay cylinders, and covered every monument with inscriptions. But, besides all this, one at least of the Assyrian kings, whose name answers to the Sardanapalus of the Greeks, appears to have formed a royal library—a collection of inscribed clay tablets; and in the chambers of one of the palaces at Nineveh Mr. Layard found them, partly broken, partly entire, "filling up the chambers to the height of a foot or more from the floor." These are now in the British Museum, and students of the new-found language tell that they have ascertained generally their contents:—

Other kings were content to leave behind them some records of the events of their reign, inscribed on cylinders, slabs, bulls or lions, and a few dedicatory inscriptions, addresses to the gods whom they specially worshipped. Ashur-bani-pal's literary tastes were more varied—indeed they were all-embracing. It seems to have been under his direction that the vast collection of clay tablets—a sort of royal library—was made at Nineveh, from which the British Museum has derived perhaps the most valuable of its treasures. Comparative vocabularies, lists of deities and their epithets, chronological lists of kings and eponyms, records of astronomical observations, grammars, histories, scientific works of different kinds, seem to have been composed in the reign, and probably at the bidding, of this prince, who devoted to their preservation certain chambers in the palace of his grandfather, where they were found by Mr. Layard. The greater part of the tablets, and more especially those of a literary character, are evidently copies of more ancient documents, since a blank is constantly left where the original was defective, and a gloss entered, "wanting." There are a large number of religious documents, prayers, invocations, &c., with not a few judicial treatises (e.g. the fines to be levied for certain social offences); and,

\* *The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World; Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia.* By G. Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. Vol. I. 1862; Vol. II. 1864. London: John Murray.

finally, there are the entire contents of a registry-office—deeds of sale and barter referring to land, houses, slaves, and every species of property, contracts, bonds for loans, benefactions, and various other kinds of legal instruments. A selection from the tablets is now being prepared for publication by Sir H. Rawlinson.

The interpretation of the Assyrian character and language, though still in a tentative and incomplete stage, can hardly be any longer looked upon as a doubtful achievement. In a chapter on the Assyrian language and writing Mr. Rawlinson gives the last general results which have been attained by inquiries into the use of the characters, and into the structure and grammar of the language; but it is a defect in a book which reviews all that we have recently learned about Assyria that it omits to give any account, such as might easily be made intelligible to the general reader, of the methods of investigation and comparison by which the cuneiform writing has been deciphered. To those, however, who find it hard to believe that the clue has been found, Mr. Rawlinson cites two testing instances of the soundness of the method employed. One is the four independent, and on the whole agreeing, translations of the long record of the wars of Tiglath-Pileser, made by Sir H. Rawlinson, Mr. Fox Talbot, Dr. Hincks, and M. Oppert. The other instance is curious. An inscription of a certain Assyrian king was read as declaring that he had set up a sculptured effigy of himself at the source of a river which is one of the heads of the Tigris, alongside of sculptures previously set up by his ancestors, Tiglath-Pileser and another. "Mainly in consequence of this mention, Mr. John Taylor, being requested by Sir H. Rawlinson to explore the sources of the Tigris," proceeded to look for the supposed effigy; and in a cave at the source of the river mentioned he found the actual tablet of Tiglath-Pileser and that of his descendant who had spoken of it; the third effigy, Mr. Taylor thought, had been destroyed by the falling in of part of the cave. The mine is only just opened, and all the results of working it are not of equal value. The Assyrians wrote freely and abundantly, and had learned to use so minute a character that a magnifying glass—and they had lenses, too, of rock crystal—is necessary to read it. A cylinder of about B.C. 1180 contains five lines to an inch; another of about B.C. 660, six lines to an inch, "as near together as the type of the *Edinburgh Review*." Mr. Rawlinson reminds us, throughout his volume, that we are but on the threshold of our knowledge of what the Assyrian records may one day teach us of the language itself, and of the state of knowledge among the people. But the scholars who are at work on them are satisfied that on many points they have made large and solid acquisitions, and the main portions of Mr. Rawlinson's chronology and history are drawn solely from the translations of Assyrian documents.

Thus we get monuments of art and varied representations of life and manners, on which, at the same time, we have the written and contemporary comments, telling us who the kings are who are sculptured, fighting with lions and presiding in their courts, and who the nations are who are shown warring against, and paying homage to, the Assyrian king. Or, in another way of putting it, we have Assyrian history for many centuries, not only written but authentically illustrated, with a variety and accuracy of representation such as we find in a mediæval manuscript of Froissart or in Mr. Doyle's *Chronicle of England*. Mr. Rawlinson gives us, first, the illustrations of life and manners, and then the history from the records. He would have done better, perhaps, to have combined the two; or, if that was not convenient, to have reversed the order, and given us, as far as can be given, the names and actions and chronological place, whether earlier or later, of the kings; and then to have shown us the remains, where they can be identified, in which we see exhibited the times and character of each. A battle-piece or the figure of a king interests us less when we are only told that it was found at Khorsabad or Kojunjik than if, after having read about Sargon or Sennacherib, we are shown the monument as the contemporary picture of their deeds or bodily presence. The view which Mr. Rawlinson presents of Assyrian history wants neither interest nor grandeur. The visible procession of conquering kings filling up centuries imposes on the imagination. Even more attractive is the evidence of those qualities in the people which develop themselves in art. The impulse to seek after diversified graphic expression, the hardihood and the skill with which the impulse was followed, are singular in Asia, and without example anywhere at the early date when we find them. Mr. Rawlinson describes Assyrian art suddenly springing up in its full development, with scarcely a trace of having gone through any apprenticeship, in the course of the ninth century. It was unconscious of, or at any rate it failed to reach, the beauty and grandeur of the human face and form. It was content with a monotonous and pompous dignity on the one hand, and, on the other, with attempts to give bold and general representations of action, either in single figures or in crowds. But within its limits—narrow ones, yet wider than any others till we reach the perfection of Greek art—it was observant, spirited, and accurate, and not without a strong and successful touch. The daring which undertook to represent in bas-relief the various processes of moving one of the colossal bulls from the quarry to the portal for which it was designed, and the power of grouping, the clear and distinct drawing, and the honest exactness with which the scenes are rendered, imply remarkable qualities in the minds which were capable of all this. It is curious to observe that the greatest force is shown in representing wild animals, like the lion, the wild ass, or the antelope. Their momentary attitudes in

attack, in flight, or in death are seized with unexpected felicity; while the movements of the horse, though his head is often given with spirit, are in comparison tame and stiff. And though there was no room for anything but serious earnest on the Assyrian slabs, it is difficult not to suspect that a sense of the grotesque showed itself in the whimsical expression sometimes thrown, along with much vigour of drawing, into the faces of lions and their royal conquerors.

Yet, in spite of monuments and records, actions and character are wanting in Assyrian history. Figures crowd the bas-reliefs, as names crowd the clay records; but the faces are all the same. The records are full in telling us what the great kings thought worth remembering; but if the mastodon could come back and tell his exploits, he would doubtless do so in the Assyrian style. Dry statistical facts of conquest, of destruction, and of hunting, and the intense feeling of pride in what was thus done and celebrated, make up the substance of these Assyrian chronicles. The nearest approach to this, in modern times, is an American telegram. Mr. Rawlinson struggles in vain against the arid, skeleton-like nature of the documents in which these austere destroyers of men and beasts succinctly but proudly set down the dates and limits of their achievements. His attempts to give them greater fulness and life are not always well-judged. It is vain, in that thick darkness, to guess at feelings and motives—at generosity or ingratitude, or the balance of reasons which determined an Assyrian king or his enemies. There is something grotesque in applying phrases belonging to modern customs and modern writing to those antique days—to talk of the "Assyrian proclivities" which made a King of Ekron obnoxious to Hezekiah, or to treat the rude speech of Rabshakeh, just as if he had been Lord Russell, as "an entire disregard of diplomatic forms." It is useless to go beyond the records; and they give wars and conquests, but neither marked actions nor character. The very names to which, in Assyrian history, we had attached a definite personality, lose it with our more authentic knowledge of them. What we have been accustomed to believe of them is but the mistake or the fable of romancing Greeks. There was a Semiramis; but the grand lady of classical legend and modern opera shrinks in reality, Mr. Rawlinson tells us, into a very dull and prosaic figure, known only to the Assyrians as the wife of their King Iva-lush. Sardanapalus, the heroic voluptuary, has furnished a theme for the moralist and the poet; the Greeks talked of his tomb at Anchialus, where he was represented snapping his fingers, and bidding the passer-by to "eat, drink, and play, for that all the rest of human life was not worth so much as *this*"—the snap of a finger. The name which the Greeks turned into Sardanapalus really belonged to a king who was an energetic warrior and hunter; and Mr. Rawlinson conjectures that the story about the statue of the king snapping his finger arose from an ingenious Greek guess at the meaning of the attitude in which the Assyrian kings were often represented in their monumental effigies—probably in the act of worship—with the right hand raised and the forefinger and thumb stretched out. And there are no characters, or evidences of marked character, to take the place of those which disappear as the history becomes more authentic. We have no distinct individual person, as Abraham or Moses, Joshua or Saul. A Czarlike complacent conviction of the union in their own person of the highest degree of divine favour and of human power is the one recurring mark which pervades their records. "Asshur-idanni-pal mentions the God Hoa as having allotted to the four thousand deities of heaven and earth the senses of hearing, seeing, and understanding; and then, stating that the four thousand deities had transferred all these senses to himself, he proceeds to take Hoa's titles, and, as it were, to identify himself with the god." Tiglath-Pileser, who reigned about 1130 B.C., indulges in a grand Oriental way of poetical exaggeration. He "beats down his enemies as with a tempest; their carcasses cover the valleys and the tops of the hills;" when he builds a temple, he "enlarges the mound of earth on which it was built like the firmament of the rising stars," or "raises its towers to heaven;" he is the king of all kings and lord of lords, "girt with the girdle of power over mankind," the "bright constellation who, as he wished, has warred against foreign countries." And he does all this as the servant of the gods, especially the supreme Asshur. Mr. Rawlinson sees in this a proof of the "intensely religious character" of the Assyrian king. To us this reference to the gods seems simply to indicate the feeling that a king who could kill so many men and take so many cities—who could boast that he had slain four wild bulls, strong and fierce, in the country of the Hittites, and ten large wild buffaloes on the banks of the Khabour, besides, first and last, nine hundred and twenty lions—might very reasonably rejoice in thinking himself the special favourite of the gods. These ample records, in reality, show us but little what sort of men the kings were, and, of course, nothing at all of any one but the kings. We see distinctly this ancient people, but we are very far from understanding them—how their refinement arose, how their advance in art and knowledge was promoted and cherished, and what, in the midst of it, were their real thoughts, the moral features of their life. What would we give for a law, a psalm, a proverb, a parable, a story, from the clay cylinders? The most curious and distinctive disclosure of feeling in them is a curse; a malediction pronounced by Tiglath-Pileser on all who should injure or dishonour the records of his glory:—

Whoever shall abrade or injure my tablets and cylinders, or shall moisten them with water or scorch them with fire, or expose them to the air, or in



the holy place of God shall assign them a place where they cannot be seen or understood, or shall erase the writing and inscribe his own name, or shall divide the sculptures (?) and break them off from my tablets, may Anu and Iva, the great gods, my lords, consign his name to perdition; may they curse him with an inexorable curse! may they cause his sovereignty to perish! may they pluck out the stability of his empire! Let not his offspring survive him in his kingdom! Let his servants be broken! Let his troops be defeated! Let him fly vanquished before his enemies! May Iva in his fury tear up the produce of his land! May a scarcity of food and of the necessities of life afflict his country! For one day may he not be called happy! May his name and his race perish!

#### HER MAJESTY'S MAILS.\*

THIS volume is the first of a contemplated series designed to furnish some account of the history and ordinary working of the revenue departments of the country—to do for the great *Governmental* industries what Mr. Smiles has so ably done (to compare his great things with our small) for the profession of engineering and several *national* industries. Such is Mr. Lewins' modest account of his recent undertaking. We doubt whether the multiplication of compiled books on the model referred to is greatly to be desired; nor are there many "Governmental industries" which would furnish the same amount of material that has been collected in *Her Majesty's Mails*. The Post-Office, however, is a great exception. We decidedly wanted a good consecutive history of its rise and progress in this country, in connexion both with the public requirements and with the revenue. And we bear our cordial testimony to the great care and diligence which have clearly been bestowed by Mr. Lewins on what would seem to have been to him a labour of love. *Her Majesty's Mails* deserves to take its stand as a really useful book of reference on the history of the post. A little more distinctness of arrangement might be wished for in the account of the chief reforms; but the subject is so complicated, and so much overcrowded with minute details, that we can imagine few more difficult tasks than that of reducing the narrative within the limits of a digested summary.

The Chinese, after their manner, seem to have known all about posting letters from the earliest times. Marco Polo speaks of ten thousand postal stations and two hundred thousand horses belonging to the service in the fourteenth century. But, as in the case of other useful inventions, the Chinese, until very recent times, failed to turn this machinery to account in the advancement of public convenience. The elaborate system existed solely for the purposes of the Government until within the last few years. The comprehensive mind of Charlemagne conceived the notion of a public post-service, and he is said to have set an organization on foot in the year 807. His designs, however, fell through at his death. Regular mounted messengers, in the employment of the Crown, were known in England from the reign of Henry I.; but it was not till the time of James I. that a settled system of post-communication was established in this country. At the time of the accession of Elizabeth there were but one or two main roads in the kingdom. Everybody who could afford it rode. Judges rode the circuits in jackboots, and the Queen entered the City on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor. The waggon in its most elementary form was introduced about this time, and, having been tried, was soon discarded by Elizabeth. Though the increased intercourse between London and Edinburgh, on the accession of James, led to a considerable advance in the improvement of roads, and by consequence in the transmission of letters, yet even in the next reign it was sometimes two full months before an answer could be received in London to a letter sent to Scotland or Ireland. "If any of His Majesty's subjects shall write to Madrid in Spain," said Witherings, one of the early postal reformers, "he shall receive answer sooner and surer than he shall out of Scotland or Ireland." During the Protectorate, the Post-Office underwent material changes, and for the first time became the subject of Parliamentary enactments. The Acts passed in and about 1656 have been the models of all subsequent measures, and they soon produced a marked effect upon the despatch of letters. A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing at the close of the seventeenth century, glories in the fact that "though the number of letters missive in our ancestors' day was not at all considerable, yet it is now so prodigiously great (and the means of people are so beginning to write in consequence) that this office produces in money 60,000*l.* a year." The money returns have increased more than sixty-fold since that date, the gross receipts for 1863 being stated at 3,800,000*l.*

The postal arrangements, and the method of conducting business adopted by the officials in the early part of last century, form an amusing contrast to the reign of Sir Rowland Hill. There were then two Postmasters-General, Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Frankland, and their chief anxiety was how to keep the boats in the packet-service inviolate from the French privateers which then swarmed on the seas. Their general orders to captains were:—"You must run while you can, fight when you can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when fighting will no longer avail." Swift-sailing packet-boats were built, but were found to be too low in the water. Passenger freights were accordingly raised, in order to provide funds for building better and stronger boats, but still "recruits and indigent persons" were to have their passage free. No political refugee was at this time pressed hard

for a fare on the boats, but an entry was made in the agent's letter-book that "so-and-so have not wherewithal to pay their charges," and such persons were sent on their way without any questions being asked. The two memoranda following are too curious to be withheld:—

The duties devolving upon the chief Post-Office officials seem not only to have been onerous and heavy—some of their instructions to their agents bearing dates from the middle of the night and other extraordinary hours—but curiously varied. Many of their letters are preserved among the old records in the vaults under the General Post-Office, and some of them are quite sad and plaintive in their tone. "We are concerned," they say to one agent, "to find the letters brought by your boat [one from the West Indies] to be so consumed by the rats, that we cannot find out to whom they belong." Another letter to their agent at Harwich is evidently disciplinary, and runs as follows:—

"Mr. EDISBURY—The woman whose complaint we herewith send you, having given us much trouble upon the same, we desire you will inquire into the same, and see justice done her, believing she may have had her brandy stole from her by the sailors.—We are your affectionate friends [!]."

"R. C., T. F."

This was the age of magnificent abuses, among which the *franking* system undoubtedly held no mean place:—

The Treasury warrants of that day franked the strangest commodities—articles which certainly would not be dropped into any letter-box, and which would neither be stamped nor sorted in the orthodox way. The following list of a few franked commodities is culled from a still larger number of such in the packet "agent's book," found amongst the old records to which reference has already been made:—

"*Imprimis*. Fifteen couple of hounds, going to the King of the Romans with a free pass.

"*Item*. Two maid servants, going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen.

"*Item*. Doctor Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers necessaries.

"*Item*. Two bales of stockings, for the use of the Ambassador to the Crown of Portugal.

"*Item*. A deal case, with flour flitches of bacon, for Mr. Pennington of Rotterdam."

Whilst referring to the subject of letter-franking, we may as well notice here, that before the control of the packet-service passed out of the hands of the Post-Office authorities, and when the right of franking letters became the subject of legislative enactments, we hear no more of these curious consignments of goods. The franking system was henceforth confined to passing free through the post any letter which should be endorsed on the cover with the signature of a member of either House of Parliament.

Members were not slow to avail themselves of their convenient privilege. Large packets of covers were signed at once, and supplied abundantly to friends and adherents. Sometimes they were sold. "They have even been known to have been given to servants in lieu of wages," the servants selling them again in the ordinary way of business. At the investigation in 1763 it was related that a single man, in five months, had counterfeited 1,200 dozen of franks of different members of Parliament. A story is related of an old gentleman of economical habits, who, finding himself compelled to undertake a tour for the benefit of his health, kept his family informed as to his quarters and the state of his health in the following manner:—He carried with him a number of old newspapers, one of which he dropped into the post daily. The post-mark, with the date, showed his progress; and his health was measured by the selection of a particular name from a list of members previously agreed upon, with one or other of which names the paper was to be franked. Thus, "Sir Francis Burdett" denoted "vigorous health." Sir Rowland Hill, in one of his pamphlets, relates this circumstance as within his own personal knowledge. In 1763, the year of the inquiry, the worth of franked correspondence passing through the post was 170,000*l.*

Ralph Allen of Bath (the "Allworthy" of *Tom Jones*), and John Palmer (the apostle of the great mail-coach era), were the principal pioneers of Sir Rowland Hill during the last century. It is scarcely credible how limited the communication was between towns of even the largest size and importance before the establishment of the mail-coach system. The Treasury Minute for its commencement was dated in July, 1784. At that time a single letter-carrier sufficed for Liverpool. The London letter-bag had been known to arrive in Edinburgh scarcely forty years before (1745) with but one letter, addressed to the British Linen Company. And about the same time the Edinburgh mail is said to have arrived in London containing but one letter, addressed to Sir William Pulteney, the banker. The coaches began at six miles an hour, but the official rate of speed was by-and-by advanced to eight, nine, and at last to ten miles. When the last advance was made, the most dismal forebodings were entertained among the gloomier portion of the public as to the results of thus tempting Providence. Lord Chancellor Campbell relates that he was frequently warned against travelling in Palmer's mail-coaches, on account of the fearful rate at which they flew, and instances were alleged of persons having died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion. However, the stimulus which the new coaches imparted to the service exceeded Palmer's most sanguine expectations. Three hundred and eighty towns, which had before had but three deliveries of letters in the week, now received one daily. The Edinburgh coach required less time by sixty hours to travel from London, and there was a corresponding reduction between towns at shorter distances. In the year 1784 the net revenue of the Post-Office was about 250,000*l.* By 1814, the proceeds had increased sixfold, reaching the sum of a million and a half sterling.

Mr. Lewins informs us that Sir Rowland Hill is understood to be preparing an account by his own hand of the struggles resulting in the penny-post reform. His own summary of the period is therefore purposely kept within the narrowest limits possible, but, limited as it is, it constitutes one of the most interesting sections of

\* *Her Majesty's Mails; an Historical and Descriptive Account of the British Post-Office*. By William Lewins. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

his extremely interesting volume. It is always instructive, after some great reform has taken root and become a familiar institution in the country, to look back on the prognostications or opinions hazarded by official persons and the leaders of public opinion before its adoption. Lord Lowther, who became Postmaster-General on the accession of the Tories in 1841, and who procured Mr. Hill's removal from the office, spoke of his efforts as a "tampering with a vast machine," and protested against the character and fortunes of the thousands of persons employed in the Post-Office being "placed at the mercy of an individual." Lord Lichfield, when Mr. Hill first propounded his measure, remarked, "Of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant." Six months later he was less confident, but says that, if the plan succeeds (in the anticipated increase of letters), "the walls of the Post-Office would burst, and the whole area on which the building stands would not be large enough to contain the clerks and the letters." However, the innovator had not long to wait for the justification of his principles by the results of their adoption. The labour undergone by him when still a young man, and a tutor in his father's school near Birmingham, must have been prodigious. It has now been fully recognised by the country and the Government, but the true reward of a worker like Sir Rowland Hill will always lie in the practical success of his proposals. There is now a total of 14,776 public receptacles for letters in the United Kingdom, which is more by ten thousand than the total number before the establishment of penny postage in 1840. The gross number of letters passing through the Post-Office during 1863 was 642 millions, making no less than twenty-two to each person in the United Kingdom.

As contrasted with the last year of dear postage, the number of letters show an eightfold increase. The distance over which the mails travel with this enormous amount of correspondence, in the United Kingdom alone, is nearly 160,000 miles per day. Of the mails conveyed by railway, a distance of 50,000 miles is accomplished every working-day; 72,000 miles per diem are traversed on foot; and the rest are carried by mail-coaches, mail-carts, and steamboats.

Of the enormous gross revenue for 1863, which was stated before as 3,800,000*l.*, England contributed upwards of three millions; and it should be added that this sum is exclusive of 130,000*l.* arising from newspaper stamps, the charges for which are collected by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The actual expenditure of the Department amounted in 1863, in round numbers, to three millions sterling. The amount really chargeable upon the postal service is, however, not more than 2½ millions, from which figures the net revenue may be easily deduced. At the end of 1862 the number of officers employed in the service was 25,380; 73 of the number being employed in foreign countries, and 22 in the colonies.

The amount of detailed information given by Mr. Lewins on the conduct and circumstances of postal work is as large and varied as could possibly be crammed into his space. He has given a lively picture of the scene at the General Post-Office during the last quarter of an hour before six in the evening:—

The newspaper window, ever yawning for more, is presently surrounded and besieged by an array of boys of all ages and costumes, together with children of a larger growth, who are all alike pushing, heaving, and surging in one great mass. The window, with tremendous gape, is assaulted with showers of papers which fly thicker and faster than the driven snow. Now it is that small boys of eleven and twelve years of age, panting, Sinbad-like, under the weight of huge bundles of newspapers, manage somehow to dart about and make rapid sorties into other ranks of boys, utterly disregarding the cries of the official policemen, who vainly endeavour to reduce the tumult into something like post-office order. If the lads cannot quietly and easily disembody, they will whiz their missiles of intelligence over other people's heads, now and then sweeping off hats and caps with the force of shot. The gathering every moment increases in number and intensifies in purpose; arms, legs, sacks, baskets, heads, bundles, and woollen comforters—for who ever saw a veritable newspaper-boy without that appendage?—seem to be getting into a state of confusion and disagreeable commotion, and "yet the cry is still, they come." Heaps of papers of widely-opposed political views are thrown in together; no longer placed carefully in the openings, they are now sent in in sackfuls and basketfuls, while over the heads of the surging crowd were flying back the empty sacks, thrown out of the office by the porters inside. Semi-official legends, with a very strong smack of probability about them, tell of sundry boys being thrown in, seized, emptied, and thrown out again void. As six o'clock approaches still nearer and nearer, the turmoil increases more perceptibly, for the intelligent British public is fully alive to the awful truth that the Post-Office officials never allow a minute of grace, and that "Newspaper Fair" must be over when the last stroke of six is heard. One, in rush files of laggard boys who have purposely loitered, in the hope of a little pleasurable excitement; two, and grown men hurry in with their last sacks; three, the struggle resembles nothing so much as a pantomimic *mêlée*; four, a Babel of tongues vociferating desperately; five, final and furious showers of papers, sacks, and bags; and six, when all the windows fall like so many swords of Damocles, and the alits close with such a sudden and simultaneous snap, that we naturally suppose it to be a part of the Post-Office operations that attempts should be made to guillotine a score of hands; and then all is over so far as the outsiders are concerned.

The following are some of the queer addresses that have been passed through the "Blind Office," which is the name given to the department for dealing with illegible, or not easily legible, letters:—"Coneyach luentick a siliam" (Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum); "Obern yenen" (Holborn Union); "Ann M. —, Olleywhite, Amshire" (Isle of Wight, Hampshire); "Keen Vic Tory at Winer Castle" (Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle); "To the King of Rusheya, Feoren, with speed," this last having been actually despatched to the Emperor of Russia at the outbreak of the Polish insurrection. But it is hopeless and endless to pursue the interesting track of Mr. Lewins, whose manual we heartily recommend as a thoroughly careful and useful performance. We

will only add the astounding fact, which cannot assuredly be generally familiar, that nearly *eleven thousand* letters were posted during 1863 without any address at all.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE.\*

A NEW YORK Professor discoursing tranquilly upon social and intellectual progress almost within earshot of the din of war and slaughter, or of the no less rancorous clamours of Wall Street, reminds us of Archimedes pondering problems of statics amid the thunder of the sack of Syracuse. Professor Draper's work was written, indeed, he tells us, in the main as early as the year 1858; but, on revision for the press, nothing that has since occurred has tended to modify his conclusions. His philosophic calm appears all the more impressive from its contrast with the surrounding strife, while his castle of social and political optimism goes on building without a moment's heed to the sapping of its pacific substructure by the waves of violence and bloodshed. What matters it to a dogmatist of the ultra "positivist" class that the forces of morality and reason are suspended well nigh all the world over by those of brute force and passion, and that in either hemisphere the arbitrament of events has passed from the brain of the statesman or the jurist to the red hand of the soldier? It is perhaps only characteristic of the American mind that formulas previously laid down should stand absolutely unaffected by the revolution of the last few years, as it is no less characteristic of the same national idiosyncrasy to regard the American system as standing wholly aloof from that of the world at large. The analogies of the older half of the globe are not to be applied to the exceptional circumstances of the new race, and the lessons of European history retain for them no further value than as monuments of effete follies and crimes. A feeling of this kind, far more than the abstract tendency to "positive" views of history, may be thought to have influenced the American Professor in his review of the mental development of Europe. Through every chapter we are conscious of the presence of what has become a fixed idea with writers of his school—the regarding, namely, the previous annals of mankind as the tentative period of humanity, the results of the prentice hand of man before attaining his present consummate mastery of intellect. It is, of course, a primary axiom that the wisdom and the achievements of antiquity are to be no longer estimated as more than the feeble steps—the follies, or at best the gambols—of children. Starting with the assumption that the "powers of the mind grow with the possessions of the mind"—or, in other words, confusing intensity of intellect with the accumulation of facts—it is considered incredible that "those who lived in past generations" should have been "in no respect mentally inferior to those who are living now." "Our children at sixteen may have a wider range of knowledge than our ancestors at sixty." It would, of course, be as "unphilosophical" to treat with nothing but disdain the ideas which have served for a guide in the earlier ages of European life as to look with contempt on the motives that have guided us in youth. "Their feebleness and incompetency is excused by their suitability to the period of life to which they are applied." For the matured intellect of our age has been reserved the power to gaze upon fixed and final truth—to rectify and harmonize the deficiencies of the past, and even with scientific forecast to lay down laws for the future. In the broad and sweeping generalizations which distinguish the latest school of "scientific" history, in which no vestige of anomaly must be permitted to enter, it is no less essential a condition to eliminate all trace of so disturbing an element as the human will. History is to be studied henceforth in its aggregate, not its individual aspect, and we are to arrive at the principles of moral and political action no longer through the study of the elements of intellect, passion, and will in man as a person, but through analysis of their broad results in the common action of the mass. The fundamental propositions on which Professor Draper's system is made to rest are accordingly the two following—that "social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is bodily growth," and that "the life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation."

It will thus be seen that the enterprise of the American Professor coincides in the main with the constructive portion of that of Mr. Buckle. And though, in virtue of its title, it claims to take a wider scope, as treating of the mental development of Europe at large, it will not be found to vary much in its plan of procedure from that discursive survey of the chief types of national development which made up the prefatory volumes of the fragmentary *History of Civilization in England*. It is thus scarcely fair to say, on the part of the more recent writer, that "no one has hitherto undertaken the labour of arranging the evidence offered by the intellectual history of Europe in accordance with physiological principles, so as to illustrate the orderly progress of civilization; or collected the facts furnished by other branches of science, with a view of enabling us to recognise clearly the conditions under which that progress takes place." To reconstruct the fabric of history as a branch of the science of physiology, or rather as a scientific system of the laws of life in their widest and most comprehensive unity, was the end for which Mr. Buckle strove to connect together the facts from every province of inquiry, and to demonstrate the harmony of their results. That "mental advancement," no less than the cosmical or mechanical operations of nature, is in no respect "fortuitous,"

\* *The Intellectual Development of Europe*. By John William Draper, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology at New York. London: Bell & Daldy. 1864.



but determined by unvarying and primordial laws, is the formula of a school which has long taken its distinctive place in the intellectual cycle of English thought; and it is one which, without fear of any demerit on the score of national vanity, we think has met with no less able, as well as no less original, an exponent in the old country than in the professorial chair of New York.

There are, undoubtedly, two points on which the physiological or material system of Professor Draper is carried far beyond the point of view attained by the most extreme of those amongst ourselves who have striven to assign to history a place among the exact or positive sciences. Never, at least in any European treatise of repute, has the cardinal doctrine of materialism been put forth under so coarse or rank a form. The step is a long one from the general view of humanity, as "regulated" by the fixed exterior laws of climate, soil, and the aspects of nature, to that which sinks the very "principle of life" itself, whether in its highest or lowest manifestations, to a mere function of material and inorganic substances. To admit that "only in the presence of special physical conditions can an animal exist" is one thing. To make life actually derived from, not merely subordinated to, those external combinations of matter, is another and more momentous proposition. "An animal," we are told, "is but a form through which material substance is visibly passing, and suffering transmutation into new products. In that act of transmutation force is disengaged. That which we call its life is the display of the manner in which the force thus disengaged is expended." So, too, when we speak of "that collection of substance which constitutes an animal," we are to be careful to distinguish between the old and new ideas of individuality. We have been mistaken in the conception of a person as something anterior to, and in fact constituting, the organic unity. "It is a form rather than an individual that we see. Its permanence altogether depends on the permanence of the external conditions. If they change, it also changes, and a new form is the result."

In this sweeping theory there is little divinity or mystery left as regards the origin of life. Save that the concourse of primordial atoms is no longer treated as "fortuitous," but as the result of strict and invariable conditions, we are brought round once more, though with fuller technical precision, to the material hypothesis of the Stoics. To the "condensation of carbon from the air, and its inclusion in the strata," we are referred for the "chief epoch in the organic life of the earth, giving a possibility for the appearance of the hot-blooded and more intellectual animal tribes." Familiar as we have been made of late with coal as "bottled sunbeams," it is not everybody who will be at once content to look upon man himself as a walking compound of the same material. But to this complexion are we to trace the parentage of our race, as one member of the "more intellectual animal tribes." "That great event was occasioned by the influence of the rays of the sun." Of the old doctrine of the schools—*sol et homo generant hominem*—the latter half has to be dropped, as no longer essential to the sufficiency of the modern formula. The solar influences to which the life of man is indebted for its origin follow it, of course, no less under the controlling agencies of climatal and actinic relations. To heat, light, and similar influences acting upon the organism are to be traced, in their respective degrees, all those minor differences in colour, intellect, and temperament on which depend not only our classifications of race, but the varieties of our "individual and social economy." Thus "physical influences following each other, and bearing to each other the inter-relation of cause and effect, stand in their totality to the whole organic world as causes, it representing the effect"; and the "recognised variation in the material conditions is copied in the organic effects, in vigour of motion, energy of life, intellectual power."

Another point of difference, we have said, presents itself. It has been the tendency of the positive or scientific view of history amongst ourselves to proclaim the hopeful optimism of a gradual progressive improvement in human nature—the knowledge and energy of one age leading to a perpetually higher elevation in ages to follow. With Professor Draper, on the contrary, the march of history is not a progression, but a cycle. Starting from the *datum* of an inorganic point, the life of man comes round again to its primeval nothingness. To the "death of particles" in the individual answers the "death of persons" in the nation and in the entire race of which they are the integral constituents. In the same manner that the individual is liable to changes through the action of external agencies, and "offers no resistance thereto, nor any indication of the possession of a physiological inertia, but submits at once to any impression," so likewise is it with the aggregate of men constituting nations. A national type pursues its way physically and intellectually "through changes and developments answering to those of infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, and death respectively":—

We must therefore no longer regard nations or groups of men as offering a permanent picture. Human affairs must be looked upon as in continuous movement, not wandering in an arbitrary manner here and there, but proceeding in a perfectly definite course. Whatever may be the present state, it is altogether transient. All systems of civil life are therefore necessarily ephemeral. Time brings new external conditions; the manner of thought is modified; with thought, action. Institutions of all kinds must hence participate in this fleeting nature, and, though they may have allied themselves to political power, and gathered therefrom the means of coercion, their permanency is but little improved thereby; for, sooner or later, the population on whom they have been imposed, following the external variations, spontaneously outgrows them, and their ruin, though it may have been delayed, is none the less certain. For the permanency of any such system it is essentially necessary that it should include within its own organization a law of change, and not of change only, but change in the right direction—

the direction in which the society interested is about to pass. It is in an oversight of this last essential condition that we find an explanation of the failure of so many such institutions. Too commonly do we believe that the affairs of men are determined by a spontaneous action or free will; we keep that overpowering influence which really controls them in the background. In individual life we also accept a like deception, living in the belief that everything we do is determined by the volition of ourselves or of those around us; nor is it until the close of our days that we discern how great is the illusion, and that we have been swimming, playing, and struggling in a stream which, in spite of all our voluntary motions, has silently and resistlessly borne us to a predetermined shore.

The writer's historical survey disposes him to distribute the fated cycle of European civilization into five separate periods analogous to those arbitrarily assigned to the development of mind in the individual. These are:—1. The Age of Credulity; 2. The Age of Inquiry; 3. The Age of Faith; 4. The Age of Reason; 5. The Age of Decrepitude. It is but a dreary prospect to which his conclusion points, contrasting painfully with the visions of illimitable development and expansion with which our own apostles of human progress have habitually tempted us. And if anything could enhance the bitterness and humiliation of the fate held out to us, it is to find the philosopher calmly draw the curtain of futurity, and bid us, in such a mummy as actually meets our eyes, behold the image of what our boasted humanity is coming to—our last scene of all—"sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." It is a real skeleton with which Professor Draper completes our feast of philosophy. In the Empire of China we are shown the final stage to which European civilization, now in its phase of maturity, must come at length. "Europe is inevitably hastening to become what China is. In her we may see what we shall be like when we are old." The Professor cannot withhold somewhat of an admiration for the sinking old dame, splendid in her decay, "passing through the last stage of civil life into the cheerlessness of Buddhism"—"a great community aiming to govern itself by intellect rather than coercion." What is it, he asks, that has given her such immense longevity, and blended into one so many types of men over such diversities of climate? "The organization of the national intellect." Its broad foundation laid in universal education, it culminates in the system of competitive examinations, for which the writer betrays a truly professorial fondness. What the canal system was to China, that, again, the spread of railway communication is rapidly becoming for Europe. True, there are Europeans who are far from relishing this prospect, and who complain that "it is the competitive system which has brought the Chinese to their present state, and made them a people without any sense of patriotism or honour." But these, we are assured, are the results, "not of their system, but of old age." "There are octogenarians amongst us as morose, selfish, and conceited as China."

In the special portions of his history Professor Draper displays remarkable industry, vigour, and skill. His narrative is accurate and graphic, and his grasp of historical truth powerful and tenacious. The work has thus a real value as a comprehensive summary of facts, apart from the particular theories of philosophy which it is intended to uphold. Indeed, it is surprising how little such abstract theories really affect the practical treatment of historical subjects. Whether events in time follow each other by immutable necessity, or are largely influenced by human will, or even by a special Providence, matters very little when they have been told. Such they have been, and who can say whether they might or might not have been otherwise? So, too, as regards anticipating the future. It has been a favourite dream with those who think of history as an exact science, that a knowledge of the laws of human action will some day enable us to make political and social forecasts a matter of scientific precision. It cannot, however, be said as yet that the prognostics of our moral meteorologists have met with much greater success than the humbler judgments of ordinary sound sense. And it is possible, after all, that our experts may be finally wrong, as they are happily as yet premature, in dooming us, as the penalty of our progress, to the senile civilization of mandarins.

#### OPERATIC MANAGEMENT.\*

BEHIND the scenes! What a magical attraction there is in the words! If we want to describe the curiosity with which eager minds pry into mysteries, political, social, or what not, we have no phrase for it but to call it the desire "to be behind the scenes." It is just as if the secrets of theatrical and operatic management were the one recognised object of curiosity by comparison with which every other form of the passion was to be gauged. And yet, both in the literal and the metaphoric sense, one can picture nothing so utterly disillusionising as the glimpse behind the scenes. If the painted canvas becomes a very daub when seen from the false point of view, if the goddess shrinks into ordinary humanity, and the tableau loses all its harmony and effect, it is not less true that the interior of the court of those who sit on the coveted operatic throne is one strange medley of jarring interests and conflicting ambitions. It is a stage for envy and caprice, for turmoil and intrigue, for jealousy and diplomatic struggles, which might well be expected to banish all the fascination with which the thought of musical dominion seems to attract one aspirant after another into a career which has seldom closed

\* *Reminiscences of the Opera.* By Benjamin Lumley. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1864.

except in clouds. But no prudent misgivings ever seem to stand in the way of such speculations, and, in spite of all the lessons of experience, the world behind the scenes loses no particle of its fascination, either for those who are content to look on or for those who aspire to reign.

As a revelation from this unknown world, the Reminiscences of a twenty years' management of the Opera could not fail to command attention, even if they comprised a period less interesting in itself and in its influence on the position of musical art in this country than that which is covered by Mr. Lumley's narrative. It has been, in truth, an era of transition not yet completely closed, but which seems likely to end by the substitution of an entirely new basis for that which in earlier times supported, when it did not betray, the efforts and the hopes of the successive rulers and victims of Her Majesty's Theatre. In the old days, the Opera rested avowedly much more upon the prestige of fashion than on the love of music. If ever it is to regain a thoroughly solid footing, whether at one house or at two, it will owe it to the growing musical taste of the country rather than to the monopoly of distinguished patronage. It would shock the ears of ancient *habitués* to be told that the democratic element is becoming daily of more account in the conduct of the once exclusive establishment which ministered to the tastes of the cream of society. And yet this movement, though still incomplete, is the key to much of the troubled history of his operatic kingdom which the late director has given to the world. Mr. Lumley, though he was for years congratulated as the lucky manager in whose hands no venture failed, was most unlucky in succeeding to his throne at a time when the revolution which we have indicated was on the eve of commencing. It is true that the older dynasties had witnessed few triumphs on the scale which the English public was soon taught by the enterprise of the new manager to demand, and that even to them the government of the King's Theatre had led for the most part to disaster. For nearly a century the old Opera-house has either ruined or crippled all those who have essayed the direction. Taylor, the first lessee, left the mark of his difficulties upon the theatre in the shape of boxes mortgaged and sold—the first nucleus of that formidable array of property-boxes which, for good and for evil, had so powerful an influence on the subsequent fortunes of the Opera. The brief career of Gould was followed by a series of Chancery suits, which ended by leaving his executor Waters in sole possession of the property. But the acquisition had cost too dear, and Waters soon succumbed beneath the load of debt with which he had encumbered the property. From mortgagor to mortgagee seems the regular order of succession to this *dannosa hereditas*. Mr. Chambers succeeded Waters by the same sequence which has lately transferred the prize, such as it is, from the ownership of Mr. Lumley to that of the Earl of Dudley. Chambers was a banker, and should have been wealthy, but scarcely had he become the sole proprietor of the Opera-house when bankruptcy closed his career, and involved the property in a fresh tangle of legal complications. After the seven years' management of Mr. Ebers, which is chiefly remarkable because ill-success stopped short of absolute disaster, the theatre passed into the hands of Mr. Laporte, and before long brought him to the asylum in which the unlucky Chambers was passing his days. The Fleet prison held at the same time a past and a present director of the Opera, and it was at this gloomy juncture that Mr. Lumley first became connected, as the legal adviser of Laporte, with the theatre to which so many years of his after-life have been devoted. Those who carry back their recollections to Laporte's career will remember that the public were rather hard upon him. But a manager is always considered fair game. If he succeeds, the artists grudge him what they consider as the fruits of their talent, and the public murmur at the prices they have to pay. If he begins to totter, he can look for no help except such as is certain to plunge him at last into irretrievable ruin. The famous Tamburini row was a singular illustration of the combination of difficulties with which an operatic director always has to contend. Poor Laporte had long been the slave of the great artists whom he nominally ruled. The real dominion rested with a clique of celebrated singers who were closely banded together in a compact, the first article of which was that no one of them should ever be omitted from the Opera programme. Laporte made a desperate struggle to break his chains, and had the courage at last to decline to re-engage Tamburini on his own terms. But it was in vain. *La Vieille Garde*, as the all-powerful knot of artists was called behind the scenes, was strong enough to enlist a large section of fashionable society in the conflict. It was decreed that the manager should have no voice in selecting his own company. The omnibus-box had resolved that no performance should be heard until Tamburini was brought back, and it was not until the stage was stormed by the illustrious allies of the rebellious vocalists that Laporte gave up the point, and with it all hopes of keeping his turbulent household in subjection. Strange to say, when Tamburini did return, the Opera public seemed almost indifferent to the idol in whose cause they had fought. Laporte consoled himself with the reflection that the public were like spoiled children, and, when pressed with the warning that to give a child what he cries for will soon teach him to repeat the offence, replied, "Yet most nurses do this." The remark sums up in the pithiest form the inevitable dilemma of a manager between petted artists on the one side and a spoiled audience on the other. The victory which was won by the Tamburini rioters bore its fruit many years after in the secession of the old favourites, and the rivalry of two competing Operas, which, after swallowing up the fortunes of succes-

sive managers at the new House, at length brought ruin on the old establishment.

All these clouds were vaguely visible on the horizon when Laporte's death threw the management of the Opera into the hands of Mr. Lumley; but the prize was too tempting to be rejected, and the new director entered upon his long course of management with sanguine hopes of triumphing by tact and firmness over the combination to which Laporte had been compelled to yield. In 1842, the prime minister of the old dynasty took the sceptre into his own hands, and for many years the success and popularity of the management seemed to promise a different issue from that which had attended upon every former occupant of the director's chair. The narrative now published reveals the influences which were at work in the midst of outward prosperity to undermine the stability of the establishment. The leading principles of Mr. Lumley's management, from first to last, seem to have been to bring under his dominion every fresh star that appeared in the musical firmament, and to win by every resource within his reach the co-operation and support of that large section of high society which regarded the capture of a new *prima donna* as an event at least on a par with the greatest triumphs of political diplomacy. In both of these objects a large measure of success rewarded the tact and energy of the manager. If a coy artist was to be enticed into the net, the ambassadors of his own country and the Ministers of foreign States seem always to have been ready to lend their kindly assistance, and even more exalted personages were sometimes induced to forward the plans of the operatic director by their own personal intervention. Among the quaint anecdotes with which Mr. Lumley illustrates the old observation that veteran diplomatists have often been famous as musical connoisseurs, is one of Count Nesselrode, who, when asked the secret of his prolonged youth, gravely ascribed it to "music and flowers"—a proof at least that the old statesman had not forgotten how "to chaff." But, apart from all theories and fancies, there is no doubt that many of the most eminent statesmen and diplomatists of Europe were ever ready to further the musical negotiations of the London manager. Lord Westmoreland repeatedly co-operated with the enthusiasm of a musical connoisseur, and letters are quoted from Prince Metternich and Count Cavour which show what cordial kindness Mr. Lumley received from these illustrious representatives of two hostile nations. Nor was similar support wanting at home. The charm of artistic, and especially of musical, genius such as that which clusters round a director of the Opera, afforded a means of winning influential co-operation which Mr. Lumley seems to have cultivated with more than ordinary tact. An annual *fête champêtre* given by the manager was among the pleasant devices which he employed to improve the relations between the artist world and the world of rank and fashion, and that with a success which justifies the complacency with which these brilliant festivities are dwelt upon again and again in the course of the narrative. Prince Louis Napoleon is mentioned as among the constant attendants on these occasions, and the time came when he was able, by a substantial service, to show that he had not forgotten his life in exile. In the year 1850, when Napoleon was Prince President, the English manager projected a professional tour on the Continent with Madame Sontag. It was a matter of the last importance to gain the use of the large rooms of the Conservatoire, and an informal promise from the Minister of the Interior was duly obtained. The jealousy of rival interests in the musical world of Paris set on foot a conspiracy to balk the foreigner of the unusual privilege he had obtained. The President of the "Commission des Théâtres" solemnly remonstrated with the Minister, the official sanction was withheld, and it was only by an interview with the Prince President, who interposed with a positive order, that the first obstacle was overcome. But the doors were not yet open. The concierge recognised no authority but that of the director, and the director had no official instructions. A second appeal to the Prince President brought down his private secretary, with an intimation to the Director of the "Beaux Arts" that, if the Conservatoire were not surrendered, his own dismissal from office would follow in forty-eight hours. In connexion with this episode, one is tempted to extract some significant anecdotes of this stormy period in France. One very characteristic speech of the Emperor is recorded. At the time when Cavaignac was fighting with the mob of Paris, Mr. Lumley had commented on his having continued to fire on the people after the *émeute* was quelled. "That man is clearing the way for me," was the reply. Another conversation is mentioned, illustrative of the extreme terror which prevailed in France immediately before the *Coup d'État*, and which mainly contributed to its success. The Marquis de Pastoret, one of the chiefs of the Legitimist party, had nothing more hopeful to say of the situation than this:—"It is no longer a question of this or that dynasty; it is a question of our lives, our property, and the honour of our children." It is in their fits of temper that the liberties of nations are mostly sold.

Notwithstanding all the strength which was gained from the support of the powerful of every country, and the brilliant success of many a new artist, the new direction at last succumbed to the same power which had been fatal to Laporte. The severest critics of the management acknowledged the enterprise with which all the new talent that appeared in Europe was enlisted in support of Her Majesty's Theatre. With infinite pains every fresh reputation was brought to the test of English criticism, and in many instances with results which had never been surpassed. The marvellous reappearance of Sontag, with her youthful freshness scarcely



ouched by years, and the introduction of the Swedish Nightingale, were events in themselves sufficient to outweigh years of less brilliant achievement; but to these names must be added Cruvelli, Frezzolini, Castellani, Parodi, Caroline Duprez, Barbieri-Nini, Gardoni, Ronconi, Beletti, Fornasari, and Staudigl, besides a host of minor stars introduced to England during the period that closed with the suspension of performances in the season of 1853. And, steady and true to the last, Lablache, the unequalled, still held by the old theatre after so many of his old associates had risen in insurrection. Even with all the story in detail before us, it is difficult to trace the collapse of 1853 to any special blunder, unless it be the one great blunder of attempting what had always proved an impossible task. There are some who would perhaps ascribe part at least of the ultimate disaster to the fondness with which the manager clung to the expiring superstition of "the divine ballet." But the famous *Pas de Quatre*, and many of the more elaborate ballets, were presented to a public which had not yet wearied of pantomimic art, and at no time could Taglioni, Cerito, Ellsler, or Rosati fail to attract even those who had lost the conventional art of interpreting that once popular performance known as the legitimate ballet. Fops' Alley and the grand ballet were among the main features of the Opera when Mr. Lumley's career commenced. A stall and a *divertissement* are the only substitutes which modern indolence can tolerate. But it certainly was not to the ballet department that the troubles of the Opera can be traced, though the same jealousy which proved so fatal on the part of the old troop of musical artists was exhibited with at least equal vivacity by the favourites of the ballet. The achievement of combining four stars of the first magnitude in the same performance was an unheard of and, as it was supposed, impossible enterprise, and so it almost proved at the last moment before the great event of the *Pas de Quatre*. Innumerable difficulties had been smoothed down, and the last rehearsal was commenced, when each of the four goddesses positively insisted on appearing after all her rivals. The whole project on which the exertions of the establishment had been concentrated for half the season was on the point of collapsing. The ballet-master tore his hair in desperation, when the knot was cut by the managerial judgment that the post of distinction should be given to the oldest of the competitors.

The moral of the narrative is, as we have already hinted, that, under the conditions of the time, permanent success in the management of the Opera had become impossible. The practical monopoly once conferred by the laws of fashion upon the old Haymarket house was gone, while the natural monopoly of a few eminent artists survived, and was strengthened by the fidelity with which the English public clings even to the reminiscence of a once accepted idol. At the same time, a rapid multiplication of operatic theatres—subsidized in Continental capitals by the Governments, and in minor towns by municipal authorities—exhausted the available supply of vocal talent, and deteriorated its quality by the temptation which was offered to singers of great natural gifts to appear upon the stage without the preparation that was essential for the highest success. These difficulties were not balanced—as perhaps they may be in the future—by the practical opening of the Opera in England to a wider audience. While the Opera was an enjoyment almost confined to an exclusive class, patronage and monopoly were essential conditions of prosperity; but it may be that the wide extension of musical taste and musical cultivation will bring to the managers of the future a resource in the open patronage of an unlimited public, sufficient to compensate for the loss of the monopoly which is little likely to be again restored.

If it is vain to speculate on the causes which closed the Opera-house in 1853, it would be still more idle to trace the inevitable steps by which the brief management of the restoration advanced to its fate. Once more, in its most dangerous form, the principle of patronage was appealed to, and this time the patron was also the creditor, who held the manager absolutely within his grasp. It was impossible that sooner or later the grasp should not be closed, though few had expected that the catastrophe would come so soon. The three seasons which added to our acquisitions such a favourite as Piccolomini, and such artists as Giuglini and Titiens, could scarcely be supposed to fail for want of attraction; but the seeds of disaster were sown in the footing on which the house was re-opened, and the undiminished energy with which the manager still catered to our enjoyments was of no avail, except to elicit a tardy but genuine consideration and sympathy which the English public are not often much disposed to manifest.

Our space does not allow us to follow Mr. Lumley in his many anecdotes of artist life, or in his criticisms on the celebrated artists who have from time to time peopled his stage. His judgments strike us as not only discriminating, but eminently fair and candid, and indeed, if we were asked to name one to whom something more than justice is done, we should select the well-remembered German vocalist whose breach of contract was the immediate cause of the disastrous issue of the season of 1852. Among the many digressions which enliven the history is a curious disquisition of a different kind, which is too remarkable to be passed over without notice. The analogies between music and colour have been felt and discussed from the earliest times. The old story of the blind man, whose idea of scarlet was that it was like the sound of a trumpet, has a significance quite independent of its historical truth. The appropriateness of the comparison is felt at once, and science herself gives some countenance to such fancies by tracing both sound and light to the same law of vibratory motion. The notable phenomenon, however, is that the analogy suggested by science

is between the colour of light and the pitch of a musical note, while that to which the experience of persons of special sensibility invariably points presents colour as the counterpart, not of the pitch, but of the quality of musical tones. Mr. Lumley mentions a mysterious friend who has a scale of colours which represents to his mind the distinctive qualities of almost every singer of eminence. Mario comes out as violet, Alboni as cobalt blue, Bosio as the tint of a moss rose, and Titiens as red. However much we may be disposed to smile at so exact a classification, the blind man's scarlet should teach us that analogies may exist which a special faculty may grasp, though our science and our ordinary experience fail to trace the cause or to appreciate the phenomena, except in examples of the most salient kind.

In conclusion, it is only common justice to add, that an autobiography which ends with the collapse of an enterprise which for a long time promised a glorious success is written throughout without a trace of unmanly repining, and in a spirit which shows that the zeal and energy of the ex-manager have suffered no abatement. That they may bring him a better reward in the profession to which it is said he is about to return, will be the hope of all who follow the narrative of his vigorous, though at last unavailing, conflict with the difficulties of an almost impossible enterprise.

#### M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL.\*

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, who has been a conspicuous writer in several French newspapers for some years past, has just republished a second series of his political articles. The present volume contains a selection of those which he wrote in the *Courrier du Dimanche* from September 1862 to December 1863. They had the distinction of causing the paper in which they appeared to be suspended for two months, and they have many good points; but, unless it was the object of their writer to supply the world with evidence of the amount of liberty allowed to French newspapers in the present day, it is not very easy to understand why he should have republished them. It is always a dangerous experiment to reprint newspaper articles. Even if they are of substantial and permanent importance, the fact of their having been already published is usually a great drawback to their success. If they have the characteristic and appropriate merits of newspaper articles, it is as difficult to read them a year after publication as to eat stale buns. It is the essence of an article to be fugitive, and if it were not read to-day and forgotten to-morrow it could hardly be said to fulfil its natural destiny. M. Prévost-Paradol is aware of this, and he has tried to confine himself to the republication of articles of permanent interest. He has not, we think, been altogether successful. To English readers, at all events, a considerable part of the volume will probably appear rather minute, and the rest will be interesting, not so much for its own sake, as on account of the light which it throws on the state of political opinion in France.

Of the style of the book it is unnecessary to say much. It is the style of a successful French journalist, which is as well marked as that of a successful English journalist. A man whose regular occupation it is to produce so many articles a week gets, after a certain time, to write in a steady, equable way, turning out almost any quantity of matter of one uniform quality. There are some noticeable differences between the style of M. Paradol and that of English writers who stand on the same sort of level. That light-hearted ease which in English journalists is apt to degenerate into slang or grimace appears to be quite natural to him. He is also far more personal than English writers in general are. For instance, in answer to an antagonist who had accused him of belonging to the past because he advocated Parliamentary Government, he observes, amongst other things, that he is only thirty-three years of age. This is perhaps a necessary consequence of the practice of signing articles, but it is no doubt much more natural to French than it would be to English writers.

Passing from the style to the matter, M. Paradol's articles are well calculated to impress upon English readers two important conclusions. The first is, that our popular notion as to the power of the Government in France is by no means exaggerated; and the second is, that the prospects of the Liberal party there are slowly but surely improving. As to the existing state of things, M. Paradol's articles throw upon it that light which nothing but minute evidence as to specific facts can give. He shows us the sort of way in which the Government interferes in elections, and the extent to which, in order to do so, it disregards the law of the land. It appears that the law punishes with fine and imprisonment all interference with elections, and doubles the penalty if the offender is a public functionary. The law of 1848 further provided that, as to offences of this kind, functionaries should be deprived of the protection which they enjoy in other cases, and should be liable to prosecution without the sanction of the *Conseil d'Etat*. It appears that, by some means or other, and without any express enactment, the latter part of this law has been treated as if it were obsolete, because it is "contrary to the spirit" of Imperial institutions; and M. Paradol, in a series of articles, has contended that a Liberal candidate who has been prevented from succeeding by Government officials ought to apply to the *Conseil d'Etat*, not merely to annul the election, but also to authorize prosecutions of the functionaries who have interfered. He gives, in different places, illustrations of the sort of influences which are brought to bear upon French elections, and they certainly are

\* *Quelques Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine. Lettres Politiques. Deuxième Série.* Par M. Prévost-Paradol. Paris: 1864.

calculated to make an Englishman wonder. Take, for instance, the following passage:—

You published in your number of the 19th a decree of the Conseil d'État which rejects M. de Montlaur's petition contesting the validity of an election in an arrondissement in the Canton of Mer. M. de Montlaur founded his petition on several facts, some of which have been held to be proved, whilst the others are left in doubt by the recitals of the decree. The Conseil d'État has left it doubtful whether the Garde Champêtre of Mer had or had not torn up the ballots of several electors in order to substitute the name of the Government candidate for that of M. de Montlaur; whether the Commissary of Police had or had not gone about the Canton threatening to turn out the functionaries who failed in zeal in the election, and whether the Garde Champêtre of Subvres was turned out for this reason; but the Conseil d'État has not been able to throw doubt upon the existence of a circular of the Inspector of the Post-Office in the department of Loire et Cher, ordering the functionaries to vote and canvass for the Government, and warning those who might refuse of the consequences of their opposition.

In another article M. Paradol quotes letters from a candidate and from the *préfet* who favoured his election, which in so many words call upon the electors to give their votes to a particular person because he had subscribed 300*fr.* to buy a roller for one commune, and a further sum to lay down pipes for a fountain in another. Perhaps, however, the most audacious and unblushing case of all is that of Aix. The town was in great want of a canal, which was sanctioned by the Government. Three days after, a new *Procureur-Général* came into office, and the first President of the Tribunal, in a speech on his reception, said, "With masses as well as individuals, to solicit and obtain favours is to incur an obligation to those who grant them; public decency requires it." One of the Aix papers, in an article upon the subject, said, without the smallest reserve, "Let us keep our political convictions for another time; to-day, above and beyond all, let us think of Aix. The first patriotism is due to our native place, let us push it as far as fetishism if necessary." An English town would certainly not be insensible to the advantages of a promised railway or canal; but imagine an English judge in his charge to the grand jury insisting on the moral duty, enforced by a regard to public decency, of returning the candidate supported by the Government which had benefited the town! To complete our notions of the power which the French Government exercises over the Legislature, it ought to be remembered that the Legislative Assembly consists of considerably less than 300 members, and that the Government arranges the constituencies as it pleases, declaring by a mere administrative decree that such and such cantons shall form the "circonscription electorale" for the next election. Imagine a state of things in which an Order in Council could throw Marylebone and Finsbury into one, or declare that instead of three ridings in Yorkshire there should for the future be four or five.

Notwithstanding all this, it is impossible not to read M. Paradol's articles without getting a general impression—which it is easier to feel than to analyse—that, on the whole, the prospects of the Liberal party in France are improving. He speaks in one place of "la fin de plus en plus sensible de l'espèce de langueur dans laquelle le peuple français paraissait plongé." His own style is a sort of proof of the fact. It is hopeful, vigorous, and shows a full sense of the nature of the grievances to be complained of and removed. A man whose profession it is to feel the pulse of the public acquires a sort of tact in judging upon the subject, and is often able to form an opinion which is more important than might appear from the grounds which he is able to give for it.

A considerable part of M. Prévost-Paradol's volume is composed of discussions on the liberty of the press—a subject which, happily for us, has become rather wearisome in this country. It is curious to see how far a journalist is permitted to go in France, and, to judge from the number of warnings of which his writings have been the cause, M. Prévost-Paradol would seem to have acquired the art of sailing as near the wind as most men. He is acquainted with all manner of contrivances for insinuating censures on the Government, and the probability is that the excitement of trying how far they can manage to go without being stopped not only gives piquancy to the style of French journalists, but strengthens their political opinions. A man must feel doubly indignant against a Government which makes him take so much trouble about criticizing its measures. In the present volume, M. Prévost-Paradol reprints between brackets the passages of his articles which the prudence of the editor led him to strike out in the proofs. One article—which, notwithstanding this pruning, caused the paper in which it appeared to be suspended for two months—contains a suppressed passage which is an excellent illustration of the sort of shifts by which a French Liberal of the present day tries to express his wishes for freedom. It describes at length how the author went to see, at the Odeon, a translation into French of the *Electra*. He had never before fully understood the grandeur of Sophocles' drama:—

What a spectacle is that of *Electra* delivered to the tyranny of her father's murderers, a slave in her home, which she sees invaded and possessed by crime. She constantly announces the return of Orestes. The liberator, the avenger, must come; she predicts it, she affirms it, she swears it; but even whilst she talks of it she has almost ceased to believe.

She scornfully rejects the advice to feign acquiescence:—

She will die rather than forego her hatred and her rights. At last she feels a presentiment; she sees, so to say, the shadow of coming events. Orestes lives, though you thought him dead, and he approaches. Mysterious signs reveal him. Who poured out the libations? Who laid the hair on the tomb of Agamemnon? Whence comes this threatening homage? It announces punishment, and it comes from him who will inflict it. Here at last is Orestes. They tell him that Orestes is dead, and he answers—What do the living want of a tomb? Leave the urn laid to contain your ashes

and draw your sword—your sword glitters. The murderers, once so confident and proud, are struck dumb! Oh, delicious and terrible spectacle! have the people of Athens ever been so strongly moved by you as I?

The allegory was considered too daring, and this passage was struck out. By republishing it, and stating the fact of its previous suppression, its author has made it pointed enough now at all events.

#### FREDERICK RIVERS.\*

FREDERICK RIVERS would have been an impossible person, and this book an impossible book, a very few years ago. Whether the character is even yet quite within the range of probability we are by no means sure, but it will become actual and familiar enough by-and-by. The Dissenting sects that repudiate creeds and formularies as a sort of thralldom have hitherto supplied their place with a very definite tradition of their own. The Wesleyans have "the writings of their Founder"; the Independents and Baptists have their unwritten code of doctrine, compendiously summed up as "the Gospel"—a term by no means synonymous with any or all of the four documents usually called by that name; and the existing "Church" of each generation has managed as yet to make the phrase a tolerably emphatic one in theory, and, now and then, a rather intolerable one in practice. Now that education is at last beginning to spread among the lower strata of the middle classes, and theological literature to penetrate the academies where "ministers" are manufactured, the questions which are being forced upon general attention by passing events may be expected to tell seriously upon the convictions of ministers and the peace of congregations. It will not be long possible to go on with the odd mixture of traditional *mumpsimus* and upstart *sumpsimus* which has hitherto done duty for creeds and articles. *Frederick Rivers* is intended for a specimen of a minister and congregation in the transition state. Of course, the minister is the reformer, and the average cheesemonger or drysalter the conservative; and, equally of course, the minister is, and will be for a generation or so, the martyr. What would have been Mr. Maurice's fate had he been a Dissenting minister instead of an English clergyman, it needs little knowledge of human nature to forecast. The Church has a tolerably healthy digestion in such matters; but the sects as yet are squeamish, and fall into sad fits of theological dyspepsia when any aberration of a minister into novel views about things in general ruffles the hitherto untroubled flow of "the Gospel" under the voluntary system; and woe betide the unfortunate men who are in advance of their pew-renters. As *Frederick Rivers* was possibly written with the benevolent design of forewarning such adventurous spirits of the tribulation that too probably awaits them, we had best let it tell its own tale.

Frederick Rivers, called more briefly (but in no sort of keeping with Dissenting proprieties) Fritz, was born of Independent parents of the ordinary condition. He passes through much the same boyhood as children of the sort usually do; and eventually, having a "call" to the ministry—which (he finds it necessary to explain to his mother) "isn't a call you can hear with your ears, as when father calls you out of the dining-room when you're upstairs"—he enters a Dissenting academy. There is a really good description of this kind of seminary and its ways of going on—its pervading priggishness, its exceptional approximations to the good-fellowship of undergraduate life, and its average amount of learning (or the opposite of learning)—which we almost think must have been drawn from an actual specimen. After "supplying" at several chapels, and having a few amusing experiences of the kind of life he is entering upon, Fritz finds himself unexpectedly called to undertake the pastorate of a suburban chapel. He encounters, of course, the average vulgarities—Bung and Lush the deacons, and Mrs. Bung the evangelical oracle, and the omnipresent Misses Lush—Sunday-school Lush, Dorcas Lush, Baby-linen Lush—and the like. Mrs. Williamson has not the fineness of perception, or at least of word-painting, that makes some of the scenes in *Salem Chapel* almost inimitable; she is a little too fond of calling people "jackasses" and lunatics, for instance; but she says some very good things, and possibly the coarse texture of a few of the conversations is not beyond the reality. All this, however, may be found in books so unquestionably authentic as *My Life, by an ex-Dissenter*—a work, by the way, which gives outsiders a better knowledge of Dissent behind the scenes than any other, *Salem Chapel* included. The peculiarity of the present volume is, that it attempts to analyse, or to prophesy, the effect of the last new lights—*Essays and Reviews*, Colenso, Darwin, &c.—on the ordinary sectarian mind. Fritz insists on wearing his gown in chapel, but won't wear black clothes and white chokers out of it. He reads suspicious books. He preaches a gospel very unlike that to which the "Church" of St. George's Road Chapel had been accustomed; and he marries a pretty wife who "had a quiet way of asking people what they meant, which was very embarrassing to those who didn't quite know what they meant themselves," who compendiously designated religious sentimentalism "rubbish," and objected to be kissed by the deacons' wives and belongings. So poor Fritz very soon becomes suspected of heresy. Now a Congregational or Independent church is an unpleasant atmosphere in which to have to fight a battle of this

\* *Frederick Rivers; Independent Parson.* By Mrs. Florence Williamson. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.



sort, and, if our authoress is right, it is even more so now than it was a generation back:—

Congregationalists are much more wealthy than they used to be, and a pious man with fifteen shillings a week takes a very different view of worldliness (and everything else) from that of the pious man with fifteen pounds a week. But the theory is that every "member" is "truly converted," and the signs of true conversion are almost all reducible to "other-worldliness." There are very few country "Churches" that would hesitate to excommunicate any "member" who had been seen in a theatre, but I never heard of an expulsion for bad temper or malicious gossiping. On the contrary, as every member is interested in the "purity of the Church," which means the personal character and private habits of every other member, it is a part of piety to be a busybody in other people's matters.

The consequence of this is, that the "Church" of an ordinary Dissenting chapel is about as informal in its reception of accusations and evidence, and as savage in its sentences, as the Star Chamber or Inquisition of popular imagination, with the additional advantage of the profoundest ignorance of anything beyond the traditional "gospel." Poor Frederick Rivers is led through all the gradations of the one species of persecution that still survives in full vigour. First, he is whispered about. Next, he is trotted out to tea-parties, where the "question" is applied, not exactly with thumbscrews, but with equal dexterity, in the intervals of devotional exercises and bread-and-butter. Then a subscriber or two "leave the chapel." This is followed by general grumbling; the sheep are not "fed"; the "sincere milk of the word" has run dry; there is a "want"; finally, in lack of more articulate obijuration, there is a "something." Then the luckless minister is "prayed for" at his own prayer-meeting, by abdominal and apoplectic deacons; then bowled out, or nearly so, by a resolution against "hargumentative" sermons; and finally half-starved by the infallible argument of "stopping the supplies." A plucky friend in the congregation (much too plucky, we fear, to be drawn from the life), and a little pupilizing and magazine-writing, save him from the last extremity, but not in time to save his wife. She is fairly done to death by spiritual cheesemongers and evangelical auctioneers.

There are some excellent episodes in the story. Sparks and his loves are as good as Titmouse, or better; and the chapter headed "Stolen Waters are Sweet" might be read with especial advantage, now that the Epsom races are just over, by any City clerk who is beginning to be tempted to anticipate his salary or cook his accounts. Effie, too, though her doings are a little too Goethesque, runs like a pleasant silver thread throughout the tale. It is a mistake, however, to marry her to the hero at the end of it. This sort of narrative ought not to end with "So they were married and lived happily all their lives after." And it is the more unfortunate because the tale deals out what is called poetic justice with much more exact accuracy than is commonly found in stories of considerably greater pretension. Brother Holmes the benevolent becomes security for a scapegrace young relation, that his wife might not come to his grave and say "He was thought a hard man, but he's left us well off and comfortable;" so he loses his money, and grows distrustful and misanthropic. The wife, who gives him a caress for his nobleness in the beginning, slowly awakes to the conviction that "it's one thing to visit a man's grave, and quite another to live in a much smaller house than you've been used to; and to be bereaved of our little comforts and luxuries is sometimes nearly as painful as to be bereaved of an affectionate relative." On the other hand, Brother Holmes the prudent, who (truly enough) forewarned his brother that "he was robbing his wife and children," comes to even more appropriate grief a little later. People are slow to learn that sins, and even mistakes, involve their own punishment, and that repentance is not meant to be an easy way of escaping retribution; its value is, that it makes retribution come in this world, and prevents its being delayed to another. There is a great deal of this sort of common-sense wisdom scattered up and down the volume; and many people will do well to read it, beyond the limited number of persons whose sympathies are confined within the narrow circles of Stiggins and Anti-Stiggins.

We are not quite sure, after all, that we are right in extending unbounded confidence to the title-page, and describing *Frederick Rivers* as the work of an authoress, and a Dissenter. We doubt whether a lady, unless she is blessed with a very confidential brother of a wholly unspiritual turn of mind, could have written the following:—

The fact is, Frank expected Evans's to be very fast indeed. He'd heard a great deal of it; and in truth some of his quizzical friends had trotted him out on the subject, and made him believe that, under the disguise of scrupulous chastity, it was neither more nor less than a sort of ante-room to the temple of Aphrodite herself, and that going to Evans's was a cheap way of "going to Corinth." Of course he was quite mistaken; he found admirable kidneys, baked potatoes, chops, steaks, ale, porter, grog, and music, and nothing else. The proprietor himself was icily modest, so Frank was disappointed. He didn't quite mean to be bad, but he did mean to have a reputation like the two-faced Janus, looking both towards heaven and hell; and for a while he meant to give the hell side a turn. But when a fellow wants to go to hell and can't—there's a disappointment. That's one of the devil's best jokes."

This is unquestionably racy, but not entirely feminine. Frederick Rivers himself, moreover, is a more highly-educated person than a Dissenting academy is ever likely to produce; and the whole tone of the man is of far finer texture than that of the average Congregational minister. That, hereafter, this and other forms of sectarianism will be grievously troubled with ministers a little more educated than their hearers, impatient of the duller sort of shibboleths, and "independent parsons" to a degree

almost painful to contemplate, we have little doubt; and the *imbroglio* will be all the more embroiled that there are no standards of faith to appeal to. The Congregation is independent, and it has long lived in spiritual clover upon its independence. But, if he happens to possess enough for bread and cheese, so is the preacher; and, if he happens to have the knack of popularity into the bargain, he may possibly reverse the old gibe that "an Independent church is one in which everybody is so, except the minister." But the danger is hardly an immediate one. The majority of Dissenting ministers are far too dependent upon the cheesemonger and baker to allow Frederick Rivers to become an every-day character. For the present, Mr. Ward Beecher is likely to remain the popular type of preacher. Miltonian theology, sensational sermons, and a general air of the auctioneer's box pervading pulpit, pews, and the rest of it, will probably continue to be the rule with Congregationalism until the Bung of the existing generation have burst, and its Lushes have been drained to the dregs. *Frederick Rivers*, as we said before, is as yet little more than a prophecy. But the book is very well worth reading.

#### TODLEBEN'S DEFENCE OF SEBASTOPOL.\*

IT was rumoured some years since that a Russian History of the Siege of Sebastopol was in preparation upon the grandest scale, under Imperial patronage; and towards the end of 1863 it was announced as shortly to appear simultaneously in four languages—Russian, French, German, and English. It was to be comprised in four volumes quarto, with maps and plans of the most expensive and scientific kind; and the probable price was fixed at ten or twelve guineas. The first instalment is now before us in the shape of two comely quartos (price eight guineas), entitled respectively *Première Partie* and *Seconde Partie* of *Tome I*, and containing about 950 pages in the whole. They bring down the siege to the beginning of February 1855. We are given to understand that our French copy is an exact translation of the Russian original. The English and German editions are advertised as in the press. At present, we believe we shall best satisfy the curiosity of our readers by describing the contents and general tenor of this publication, reserving all critical comment for a future occasion.

We learn from the Preface that so long ago as 1856 General Todleben had made up his mind to write an account of the siege, principally from the engineering point of view; but on reflection he found that any account limited to a single arm of the service would be unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the efficiency and merit of the engineer officer must always depend on the co-operation of the artillery, infantry, and other troops, as well as on his adaptation of his plans to their resources, bravery, and skill. The General, therefore, resolved to write a complete history of the siege. At the commencement, he had nothing to work upon but a journal of operations kept, by his order, by a colonel of engineers. Two years were spent in the collection of additional materials, and another year in putting them together, with all the aid that the military Boards or authorities could afford. Through the interposition of the Grand Duke Nicholas, permission was granted him to choose his assistants, and to consult the necessary documents in the Government archives. "After having, in 1859, assembled a Commission composed of officers of all arms, I charged it [he says] with the care of collecting and examining the different documents relative to the army of the Crimea." The English and French plans and maps being, in his opinion, incorrect in themselves and contradictory of one another, and the Russian ones far from perfect, he sent an officer of engineers to make an entirely new survey of the ground, and then verified it personally on the spot. These various difficulties were not removed till the end of 1861, and the work then proceeded smoothly, if not rapidly:—

Half of the whole being finished at the end of last year [1863], I determined to publish this first volume without waiting for the completion of the second. Through the intervention and on the proposal of the Minister of War, General Miliontine, an enlightened patron of military literature, H.M. the Emperor deigned to grant me the means required for the publication of this book.

In other words, the book is to all intents and purposes an official publication, brought out at the expense and on the responsibility of the Imperial Government.

The Introduction (thirty-eight pages) is an attempt to show that Russia was forced into the war; that she had no wish whatever to dismember Turkey; that the quarrel about the Holy Places was a pretence; that the war suited the policy of the French Emperor; and that the sole object of the English nation was to check the growing importance of Russia in the East. It also contains a sketch of those military and naval operations of the belligerents (including Sinope) which preceded the expedition to the Crimea. The first chapter explains the position of Russia after recrossing the Pruth, her military and naval resources, and their distribution throughout the empire and its dependencies. The second chapter states, and with tolerable accuracy, the forces by land and sea at the disposal of the Turks and their allies. The third chapter is a statistical and geographical view of the Crimean peninsula. The fourth is an account of Sebastopol, historical and

\* *Défense de Sebastopol. Ouvrage Rédigé sous la Direction du Lieutenant-General E. de Todleben, Aide-de-Camp de S. M. L'Empereur. Tome I. (Première Partie—Seconde Partie). Saint-Petersbourg: Imprimerie N. Thiéblin et Co. 1863.*

topographical. From the fifth and sixth we learn the measures taken for the defence of the peninsula and the town on the prospect of an invasion, which, however, we are told, was deemed highly improbable. As regards the land defences, it is stated that "the walls connecting the forts were completely open, and could even from a distance be destroyed by artillery." After describing them, the writer adds: "It is seen then that all these walls only protected the town on a fourth of its circumference; the other three quarters were completely destitute of any entrenchments whatever." In the next chapter, the seventh—in which an account is given of the Russian forces in the Crimea, with their equipments, &c.—this description of the extreme weakness of the land defences is repeated and confirmed. It further appears that Sebastopol was by no means so amply provided with the munitions of war as has been commonly taken for granted. The whole of the land forces in the peninsula did not exceed 51,500 men; of which Prince Menschikow could not concentrate above 30,000 at or before Sebastopol. The eighth chapter gives the reasons which determined Menschikow to give battle at the Alma, instead of disputing the landing; and, in the ninth, the battle of the Alma is narrated in detail. This Russian version does not differ essentially from the French. According to General Todleben or his deputy, the French were almost all across the river, and had completely succeeded in everything they undertook, before the English had made the least impression on their side, or, indeed (if we understand him rightly), had even reached the right bank:—

It has been said already that, about two o'clock, and when Canrobert had already succeeded in deploying on the heights of the left bank, the English reached the right bank of the Alma. They maintained themselves in this position, subjecting us to the effects of a sharp fire of rifles, until the whole of Prince Napoleon's division had crossed the stream. On receiving the news of the passage effected by the Prince, Lord Raglan moved forwards.

In the subsequent combat, too, the English were, it is asserted, getting the worst of it. They were beginning to break and fall back in confusion before the Wladimir regiment in the centre. "But in this supreme moment our troops were suddenly taken in flank by the French artillery, and this unforeseen attack determined the success of the action in favour of the English." The loss of the battle is attributed, in a great measure, to the superiority in arms and discipline of the allies, especially to their use of the rifle, by which great numbers of the Russian artillerymen were shot down at their guns.

An animated account is given in the next two chapters of the feeling of the army, the plans of defence, the sinking of the ships, the various measures taken to strengthen the fortifications, and their actual weakness:—

If the enemy in presence of our insignificant entrenchments and our feeble garrison, with the numerical superiority of their forces and the excellence of its armament, could hesitate to attack us, it is equally certain that if, after the battle of the Alma, they had marched immediately against the position of the North, they would then have encountered but half of the defensive works that we had time to erect afterwards, or of the obstacles that we could subsequently oppose to them. Consequently, it was not difficult to predict what would have been the issue of the affair, and which of the two belligerents would have been favoured by fortune.

If the Allies had made themselves masters of the fortifications of the North, they would have been perfectly able to establish batteries there, burn our fleet to the last ship, and cause grave damage to all the establishments of the port, to the admiralty, and to the town; and the end they proposed to themselves would have been fully attained.

The state of the Southern side was no better:—

The works on the South side being so feeble, and the garrison so small, it was impossible to hope, even supposing the bravest resistance, that we could succeed in repelling an enemy so superior in numbers.

Menschikow had left the town with his army, under the impression that it was not defensible:—

Thus the defenders of Sebastopol had no succour to count upon; it has been seen that it was utterly impossible for them to repel the enemy with the unaided forces of the garrison. There remained to them no alternative but to die gloriously at the post confided to their bravery.

Even after the Prince and his army had been forced to return to Sebastopol, and the fortifications had been materially strengthened, Todleben gives it as his matured conviction that the place might easily have been carried by assault during some days after the allied armies appeared before it; and their hesitating movements were watched with anxious wonder by the besieged.

The Second Part is filled with the detailed operations of the siege, with the exception of the two chapters devoted to Balaklava and Inkermann. The account of Balaklava differs little from the received one, and full justice is done to the gallantry of the famous charge under Lord Cardigan. The offensive movement which led to the battle of Inkermann is justified by the alleged necessity of the case. "It was impossible for the Russians to hope for a fortunate result if the enemy tried to carry the town by assault." They had, moreover, just received large reinforcements; and Menschikow on the 5th November had not less than 100,000 men under his command. The description of the battle is full, graphic, and tolerably fair on the whole; and no attempt is made to palliate the failure. Each side, it is admitted, fought bravely, and the Russians succumbed to the fate of war. The volume concludes with a chapter on the "Situation of the Allied Armies during the winter 1854-55," and the "Service of the Russian Commissariat and Hospitals down to February 1855." The only English authority cited throughout is the "Letters from Head Quarters, by a Staff Officer," and there is frequent mention of the brigade "John-Campbell."

There are two broad conclusions which we think we may safely draw from this book:—that the information on which the Duke of Newcastle acted, and which he supplied to Lord Raglan, was sound; and that, if the expedition had been carried out as projected—namely, as a *coup de main*—it would have been crowned with unqualified success.

#### BARBARA HOME.\*

ONE more unfortunate solicits the sympathy which by novel-writers and novel-readers is seldom denied to her interesting class. An unerring Nemesis seems to track out our sins. It is indelicate to speak of such people except by metaphor; but it is a profitable employment to write their history, and delightful to read all about them. Such, at least, is the conclusion irresistibly forced upon us by a consideration of the large and increasing number of novels devoted to one special subject—all, more or less openly, and from very different points of view, giving an analysis of the origin, morals, and psychology of the class emphatically, though euphemistically, styled "unfortunate." These books are separated widely as the poles in merit and character, both literary and moral. Some are simply disgusting, others are lachrymose and mawkish. A few, such as *Barbara Home*, while pure in thought and language, and pleading the cause of misfortune which is not actually identical with crime, are yet perhaps the most objectionable of all. Genius is its own justification, and lights up the most unpromising subjects with a halo before which criticism is blind; but no ordinary ability can redeem a book the very end and purpose of which is thoroughly unsound. Such, we venture to think, in spite of many subordinate excellences, is the case with *Barbara Home*.

The moral is unmistakable. Man is not master of his fate; woman is quite incapable of resisting temptation; *omnes eodem cogimur*, and if we do not all go equal lengths on the downward path, it is from absence of motive rather than from strength of will. Let us, therefore, be very tender and pitiful to fallen brothers and sisters—glancing lightly over their frailty, and rather weighing the amount of pressure to which it yielded. It is very hard to find fault with a theory so thoroughly comfortable and merciful, and if we could only take a bird's-eye view of things in general, contemplating the crimes and virtues of humanity as a number of curious abstractions without any possible connexion with ourselves, the idea might not be untenable. As it is, we find great difficulty in forming any clear conception of good or evil except in some definite relation to self; and the forbearance which was originally extended as a screen for our neighbour's misfortunes is too easily made a cloak for our own faults. It is possible to be just, and yet neither censorious nor pharisaical; but to admit the principle that any amount of extenuating circumstances can sustain a claim, not only to mercy, but to absolute acquittal, is equivalent to overthrowing justice altogether. There are doubtless many cases where justice may fitly be tempered with mercy; but if we claim the latter as a right, we practically annihilate the legitimate functions of both. This is exactly the point which is overlooked by impulsive and well-meaning writers like the authoress of *Barbara Home*. They forget also that the injustice against which they protest—the harsh judgment of the world upon the errors of their sex—is really the price which Englishwomen pay for an independence and freedom from restraint unexampled in any other age or country. There are only two possible alternatives. Either women must be kept out of harm's way, and shut up in a gynæceum, or they must be allowed to know good and evil, to choose their own course, and to abide by the consequences. After reading the *Life and Adventures of Barbara Home*, one is almost inclined to think that the old system was not without its merits.

Barbara, the heroine of our story, is certainly a very dangerous young lady to be turned loose upon society. Born a mere peasant, she begins her career at sixteen by breaking the heart of a rustic admirer of her own class, whom she jilts for the red coat and military swagger of Captain Morton, a nephew of the kind old maid by whom she had been adopted and educated. This first step in the downward course, which we are required to follow with sympathy and commiseration, is accompanied by various trifling improprieties. A midnight meeting with her lover in the gallery prepares us to find his servant bringing messages to her room in the small hours; finally, Barbara elopes down a ladder of ropes, and a mock marriage in London closes the first scene in the miserable drama. From this point onwards to the final catastrophe, the course of events and the gradual development of character is arranged, not without ingenuity, so as to form a practical illustration of "*furens quid femina possit*." In a few months Captain Morton completely burns out the faint glimmering of love of which his selfish and sensual nature is capable. His nominal wife is only a burden, of which he prepares to rid himself as satisfactorily as he would dispose of a favourite kitten, securing her a comfortable home with his friend Lord Elfindale, and, moreover, obtaining the means of paying his debts by the transaction. Barbara, not unnaturally, objects to the transfer, and in the description of her mingled rage and humiliation we have a good specimen of writing which, without penetrating very far, is yet equal to sketching the more external and obvious manifestations of emotion with considerable vigour and discrimination:—

The very suddenness of the shock had been one reason for bearing it well. The treachery was so base, so horrible, so utterly undeserved by her, that

\* *Barbara Home*. By Margaret Blount. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1864.



her whole nature rose up indignantly as she listened, and refused to be crushed by it. So long as human eyes looked upon her she was safe, and would betray neither by look nor word how deep and cruel the sword-thrust had been. But here, with no eyes upon her, with no one but a distant and dimly believed-in God to know if she gave way, it was very different. She felt an unutterable relief even in knowing that it was so, and that she might weep, if it came to weeping, and never regret her tears.

By this cruel blow all the better and higher nature of Barbara is completely perverted. Every faculty that she possesses, and all the power of her irresistible beauty, is devoted to the furtherance of one unchanging purpose—all become the slaves of her passionate thirst for a complete and exterminating vengeance. The first step is easy and natural; by a well-timed disclosure of her own history she opens the eyes of Lady Mabel Vane, for whose money and position she had been deserted, and baulks Captain Morton of a match which was to have been the reward of his treachery.

So far she has a just claim upon our sympathy; but the next blow struck is of a very different character. Vengeance is sweet, but it is also rather expensive. Barbara is determined to throw away the scabbard, but she is absolutely without the sinews of war. In this embarrassing situation her ingenuity does not fail her; she will marry one man in order, with greater convenience, to kill another. Upon this original theory, without a moment's hesitation she adopts as an aunt a somewhat questionable old lady whom she had formerly seen performing rather doubtful services for Captain Morton, and, under her guidance, sets out with a roving commission in search of any eligible unmarried gentleman with an adequate fortune. Such a one soon presents himself in Mr. Hardress, of Hardress Lodge, a rough, good-natured old bachelor and confirmed misogynist, who leads the life of a hermit with a couple of celibate gardeners and a large Newfoundland dog. Flesh and blood, however, cannot resist the charms and accomplishments of the fascinating young widow, Mrs. Alewynne, as Barbara now calls herself. Within a few weeks the poor old man hooks himself firmly, and, after a good deal of amusing by-play and finessing, is brought in happy unconsciousness to marry a perjured and loveless bride.

Now begins the inexplicable part of the story. Midway between the stormy scenes through which our heroine has passed and the still more troubled future which awaits her, a dead calm sets in, and lasts long enough to have a very bad effect upon the dramatic movement and interest of the narrative. Without any apparent reason, Barbara holds her hand when she has only to stretch it out to grasp a vengeance such as would have satisfied even her own vindictive malice. She has now an unlimited command of money, a husband who lives only to gratify her fancies, and proofs sufficient to convict Captain Morton ten times over of perjury, forgery, and swindling. These resources are, however, strangely neglected. Instead of dismissing him to Botany Bay, she receives him as a constant guest in her husband's house, tolerates his insolent familiarity, and only manifests her resentment by occasional thrusts of sarcasm, usually too fine to penetrate his thick skin. There is nothing in the previous history of Barbara's character to account naturally for this sudden forbearance. It cannot be produced by love for her husband, or by a desire to spare his feelings, for we have seen that she married him and regarded him simply as a tool. Still less can we suppose that she is influenced by any touch of pity towards the man whom she despises and hates with a deadly hatred. Unless, then, the authoress would have us believe that lameness is not only a possible but a necessary quality of retribution, we venture to suggest that the present instance gives proof of a certain want of directness and precision of thought, and a carelessness in drawing out the natural relations of cause and effect, which are not without parallel more than once in the course of the book. The unfortunate result of this slipshod way of thinking and writing is to rob many forcible descriptions of half their life and reality. For instance, it is rather hard to feel much interest in a woman who, when basely wronged and deserted, in one hour devotes herself to a life-long vengeance, and in the next flirts calmly and intrepidly with the gentleman who proposes to succeed to her disengaged affections. Taken separately, each scene is good in its way; but placed side by side, the two are absolutely incongruous. Consequently, we are not impressed sympathetically, as by any genuine burst of true human passion. The first analogy suggested is that of a bottle of pop, which with crafty finger the ingenious waiter imprisons or releases at his will.

After this tiresome suspension of arms, the reader cannot complain of deficiency either in the quantity or quality of incident dealt out to him. Enough of this to season highly two ordinary novels is compressed into the third volume alone. In it we are introduced to a model young peer, a nephew of the former Lord Elfindale. To the morals of the Heir of Redclyffe, he adds a devoted pursuit of the True and the Beautiful, and finds his chief amusement in painting and musing over an ideal of female loveliness which he christens Egeria. Unfortunately, Barbara realizes only too well his conception of the mysterious nymph. The first meeting is enough; one song from Barbara, a single word from him, and one glance of his burning eyes, do all the mischief. The young earl goes home full of despair at the thought of his engagement to his cousin Millicent, and the news that his goddess is already a wife brings him to the very verge of madness. Barbara meanwhile struggles hard with the miserable infatuation; but duty and honour are unequally matched against passion, and in a short time the poor old husband, to whom she is bound by gratitude and even affection, becomes loathsome to her.

Captain Morton now reappears on the stage, a true Mephisto-

topheles, and, becoming acquainted with the difficulty, offers an easy solution in the shape of a small bottle of poison. At first his proposal is rejected with horror. A little delay, however, enables the mind of Barbara to turn to it with a kind of awe-struck longing, and at length a moment of delirious misery and passion almost drives her to the irrevocable act; but at the sight of her husband's grey hairs and haggard face she dashes the poison to the ground, not, however, before the old man has seen and understood the action. The death-bed scene which follows is full of pathos, and perhaps the most successful in the book. Thus every obstacle seems to be at last removed; for, after the first acute pang of shame and remorse is past, Barbara cannot fight against her passionate love. Lord Elfindale follows her to France, and happiness is in her grasp; but even now the cup is dashed from her lips; her old enemy dogs her steps, and plays his last card by exposing the whole story of her degradation and of his own treachery. It is, however, gratifying to find that his victory is short-lived. He is fool enough to fancy himself still irresistible, and is tempted to a secret interview in a solitary house in London, where he is poisoned by Barbara, who is soon after found lying dead beside him.

We have scarcely been able to do justice to a fearful and wonderful plot, which is, however, perhaps not more absurd than the ordinary run of those which the true lovers of sensation admire. As regards purely literary merit, *Barbara Home* in parts rises considerably above the dead level of the regulation novel; the style is always easy and flowing, sometimes vigorous, though occasionally disfigured by slips, apparently of mere carelessness. The moral is one which comes with a bad grace from a lady, and one which we should be sorry to accept.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

#### NOTICE.

*The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.*

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

Herr JOACHIM's last appearance but Two.—On Monday Evening next, June 13, the Programme will include Beethoven's Quartet in F minor, No. 11; Schumann's Piano Quintet in E flat, &c. Pianoforte, M. Jaceli Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, M. Davidoff. Vocalists—Mesdames Meyer-Dostmann and Leontine. Conductor—Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Finsbury.

### HERR JOACHIM at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening next, June 13, on which occasion he will lead Beethoven's Quartet in F minor, No. 11; Schumann's Quintet in E flat, op. 44; and play Bach's Chaconne for Violin alone. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

### JUNE 20.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Under the Immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, and Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.

Mr. BENEDICT begs to announce his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, to commence at Half-past One o'clock. Mesdames Carlotta Fatti, Volpini, Louise Liebhart, Treilich, Betteilhelm, Meyer-Dostmann, Enquist, Sainton-Dolby, Weiss, George, C. Georgi, Louise Vining, Emily Soldene, Lina Martorelli, and Parpa; Signor Gioglio, Gardoni, Bettini, Delle-Sedie; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Santley, Dr. Gans, Herr Franks (from the Royal Opera, Berlin), the Vocal Association (500 voices), Herren Joachim and Winkler, Elmer Hallé, Miss E. Ward, Master F. H. Cowen, and Madame Arabella Goddard will support. Conductors—Arditi, Benedict, and Alfred Mellon. At the Piano—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, W. Gans, Frank Mori, A. Handegger, F. Archer, Harold Thomas, C. Hargitt, and George Lake. Mr. Benedict's Cantata, "Richard Cœur de Lion," and a selection from his Operas, "The Bride of Song," will be performed on this occasion. The full Programme is now ready. Early application is solicited for the few remaining Stalls. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats in Area or Balcony, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.—Tickets can be obtained at all the Libraries and Music-sellers', at Austin's Ticket Office, 25 Finsbury; and at Mr. Benedict's, 1 Manchester Square, W.

**MUSICAL UNION.—WIENIAWSKI and JAELL.** Last Time this Season, Tuesday, June 14, at Half-past Three o'clock. Grand Trio, B. 1st, op. 57, Beethoven; Quartet in G, No. 1, Mozart; Vocal Music—Rubinstein and Schubert; Vocalist, Madame Leschetizka. Solo, Violin: Sonata in G, op. 20, Paganini and Violin, Beethoven; Solo, Piano: Sonata in A, op. 10, No. 3, Chopin; Violoncello, Davidoff. Visitors' Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer, Wood, & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Oliver & Co.; Austin, at the Hall; and Ashdown & Parry. J. E. J. A. Director.

**MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S First Performance of PIANO-FORTE MUSIC** (varied by Vocal Music), at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Afternoon, June 15, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock. On this occasion he will be assisted by Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Sainton-Dolby, Herr Lauterbach, and Mr. Deacon. At the Second and Last Performance, on June 20, Madame Leschetizka, Herr Reichardt, Madame Arabella Goldard, Messrs. Benedict and Osborne, and Herr Joachim will appear. Subscription Tickets, 5s. Reserved Seats, 15s. Reserved Area Tickets for a Single Performance, 10s. 6d.; Balceny Tickets, 5s. May be had of all the principal Music-sellers, and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

**ALEXANDRA PARK COMPANY, Limited.—The GREAT FLOWER SHOW** will take place on Wednesday, June 23, and Thursday, June 24, when 2700 will be given in Prizes. Two Military Bands will be in attendance. Admission—First Day, Five Shillings, or by Tickets purchased before the day, Four Shillings. Second Day, by payment at the entrance, One Shilling. Tickets can be obtained at the Company's Office, 440 West Strand; at Mr. R. Clarke's, 51 Throgmorton Street, City; or of the Company's Agents, F. K. PARKINSON, Secretary.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN**, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

**MR. SIMPSON'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF INDIA, THIBET, and CASHMERE**, at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six o'clock.—Admission, 1s.

**ON VIEW, the PICTURE of the MARRIAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES**, painted from Actual Sitting by Mr. G. H. THOMAS, was present at the Ceremony by Grace's Command of Her Majesty the Queen at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.—The Invitation Cards issued for the Private View may still be made available for free admission.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY** is now Open from Ten till Six, at the Gallery, 48 Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—The NEXT ANNUAL MEETING of the Association** will be held under the Presidency of Sir G. LITTLE, F.R.S., &c., at Bath, commencing on September 14. Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to the Local Secretaries at Bath (C. Moore, Esq., C. E. Davis, Esq., Rev. H. H. Woodrow), or to the Assistant General Secretary, G. Garretts, Esq., Oxford. Members and others who wish to obtain information about the Local arrangements are requested to communicate with the Local Secretaries at Bath.

**THE RUGBY TRIENNIAL DINNER** will be held at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Wednesday, June 15, at Half-past Six for Seven o'clock. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster in the Chair. Tickets, 25s. Gentlemen intending to dine are requested to send their names as early as possible to Messrs. Wicks, or to the Hon. Secretary, Captain TAYLOR, R.A., 14 St. James's Square, S.W.

**OLD KENSINGTONIANS.—The DINNER of Old Kensingtonians** will take place at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, London, on Friday, June 24, at Seven o'clock precisely; JOHN THOMAS ANDER, Esq., LL.D., Regius Professor of Laws, in the Chair.—Tickets, 15s. each, can be had on application to Mr. W. F. CARR, 31 Kensington Square, W., or 61 St. James's Street, S.W. (Post Office Orders to be made payable at St. James's Street); applications for which are requested to be made as early as possible, in order to complete arrangements.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TOURIST TICKETS** for ONE MONTH are now issued from Paddington, Victoria, Chelsea, Battersea, Farnham Street, King's Cross, Great Street, and Portland Road Stations, to the Coast of SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL; namely, Minehead, Linton, Hinton, Exmouth, Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance. Also WEYMOUTH and the Channel Islands. NORTH WALES: Llangollen, Rhyl, Llandudno, Llanrwst, Bangor, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c. Also to the ISLE of MAN, via Liverpool. SOUTH WALES: Neath, Carmarthen, New Milford, Tenby, &c. Tickets will also be issued for CIRCULAR TOURS in NORTH and SOUTH WALES, BUXTON, MALVERN, and the tour of the Valley of the Wye, &c. THE LONDON DISTRICT: Windermere, Ullswater, Conistone, Furness Abbey, Penrith, &c. IRELAND: Lakes of Killarney, &c. The Minehead, Linton, and Llanrwst Coaches will not commence running until June 13. The Carnarvon Coach will not commence running until June 20. Programmes, containing Fare and full Particulars, may be obtained at all the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

**QUEEN'S UNITED SERVICE CLUB** (late New United Service Club).—The Name of the New United Service Club has been changed to that of the Queen's United Service Club from this date, and the Committee are able to announce that very satisfactory arrangements have been made with Messrs. TONNANT & CO. for its future conduct, the particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary, on application, by letter or otherwise, to 16 Regent Street. F. TODD, Secretary.

**SCHOOL FRIGATE "CONWAY," LIVERPOOL.—BOYS** intended for Officers in the Merchant Service or Royal Navy can now be Entered for the Session commencing 1st August next. For Forms and Particulars apply to the Secretary, D. J. THOMSON, 22 Brown's Buildings, Liverpool.

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